

THE SPEAKER

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[FOR INLAND AND FOREIGN TRANSMISSION.]

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE first week in September is notable for other things besides the beginning of the partridge shooting. Twenty-one years ago it witnessed the culminating movement in the Franco-German War, the fall of the French Empire, and the establishment of the Republic. The people of France can fairly claim our congratulations on the "coming of age" of their present form of government. It has survived many dangers, some of which have been of the most serious character: it has sown and reaped many crops of wild oats, and now having attained to manhood, it seems to be in the happy possession of a constitution which promises it a long and useful life. But this first week of September will be remarkable for something more than the establishment of the French Republic in the future. In coming years it will be the anniversary of the establishment of free schools in England. The event has been marked by no pomp or ceremony, and everywhere public feeling is divided as to the merits of the measure by which the school-fee has been abolished. But we believe that in the future this great step in advance will be looked upon as the turning-point in the history of national education.

M. ZOLA has probably never been more realistic than in the sketch of the catastrophe of Sedan published in the *Figaro* on Tuesday, the twenty-first anniversary of the battle, and seldom more mischievous than in the moral he appended to it. His vivid picture of the Emperor and MARSHAL MACMAHON, driven by the frantic telegrams from the Empress and the Ministry to alter their plans and lead their army to certain destruction, of its utter disorganisation and recklessness, the pillage and outrage, the failure of supplies, the acts of brigandage by camp followers too numerous to be punished, only brings out more strongly the weakness of his conclusion. The French army, he says with truth, was rotten to the core from its military traditions, dating from the days of Algerian warfare (and, he might have added, intensified in Mexico), which unfitted it for a European war. But France has risen again, while Germany, without its great leaders and with an Emperor threatened with an inherited malady, cannot but decline. War, for the French soldier, has ceased to be regarded as a pleasure excursion, and become the sternest of realities. But combat is a condition of national life: disarmament is death. It is curious that a laborious realist, even with the scientific culture implied by an acquaintance with the commonplaces of biology, should not yet have learnt that in politics no man is indispensable. Unfortunately this kind of writing, backed by the name of a great novelist, reaches multitudes—feminine as well as masculine—who are wholly outside ordinary politics, but in time of great political excitement may come in to swell the volume of Jingoiism with a torrent of emotion wholly untempered by knowledge.

WITH regard to the Canadian scandals, nothing more of general interest has been elicited, except that the custom of demanding payment for obtaining appointments or contracts from the Government under the name of political subscriptions seems to

have spread to private members on the Conservative side as well as to Ministers of State. It is not surprising that the Public Accounts Committee tends to divide on strictly party lines on the question of the guilt of SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN. Meanwhile the *Toronto Globe*—MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S organ, if we mistake not—states that LORD SALISBURY has intimated to the Premier his view that a General Election is desirable, and that it will take place next year. The accuracy of this statement is obviously open to question. But the position of the Ministry will hardly be improved by the Census returns, which show a marked decrease in the country population, hardly compensated for (as Canada is a "new country") by the growth of the towns. This is of course a feature of the United States as well as of Canada; and a certain class of Protectionists, from HENRY CAREY onward, have always favoured an urban civilisation. Their present representative, the ingenious and paradoxical MR. GEORGE GUNTON, glories in it, and speaks of rural life in the United States almost with loathing. But geographical necessities are too strong for the growth of Canadian nationality. The French Canadians might soon fill up the waste places of the Dominion, but they prefer to serve as factory hands in New England. And the special service of the Canadian Pacific Railway—which, by the aid of lavish subsidies, has just brought Yokohama within twenty-one days of London—is despatching these mails to conclude their journey, not by the State-constructed Intercolonial Railway *via* Halifax, nor even by its own route thither through Maine, but by the New York Central Railroad to New York City and (very likely) by a Hamburg-American steamer across the Atlantic.

FROM the vigorous eloquence of MR. J. A. ROEBUCK, which used to enliven the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield twenty-five years ago, to the gaseous platitudes of MR. ASHMEAD BARTLETT and the mild jocosity of EARL CADOGAN, which formed the intellectual food on Thursday evening, is a drop not adequately measured even by the reduction by some five-sixths of the space devoted to the occasion by the *Times*. MR. ASHMEAD BARTLETT'S remarks seem to have been inordinately compressed. EARL CADOGAN'S contribution was entirely platitude, including an emendation of LORD HERSHELL'S recent speech which was worthy of BENTLEY correcting MILTON—"the Liberals of the past generation are being vindicated by the Conservatives of the present." Those Conservatives who are lamenting that the MR. BALFOUR of Irish Local Government Reform and suspended Coercion is not their MR. BALFOUR, will hardly be grateful for being credited with so large an amount of Liberalism as this.

SIR HARRY VERNEY has recently proposed, in a letter to the *Times*, the establishment of a County Museum for Buckinghamshire, and this has naturally led to a discussion on the question of the establishment of County Museums generally. The idea is both interesting and important. No doubt, local museums already exist in many parts of the country, chiefly in connection with the Antiquarian and Archaeological Societies scattered throughout the land. But the proposal to give each county its own central museum is new, and if it were to be carried out, would produce a very valuable result. The richness of the

local annals of England is well known; and no historian can now afford to disregard the fruits of the once-despised local research. But unfortunately it is only here and there that these fruits have been brought together in anything like a systematic fashion. The day of great local histories, like those of THORESBY, WHITTAKER, SURTEES, and BRAND¹ seems to have passed away. No publisher, at all events, now thinks of producing a *magnus opus* dealing with a single county. But if in place of the old folios we had museums accessible to all, in which the chief documents and articles throwing light upon the history and life of each particular county were brought together, we should have opened up to us a new and delightful field for study and research.

THE annual meeting of the University Extension students at Oxford concluded on Monday with a conversazione in the Union Debating Hall. The attendance seems to have been more numerous and the proceedings more successful than on any former occasion. Eleven hundred students—the large majority no doubt ladies—attended for the first ten days, while about one hundred and sixty remained for the more detailed courses which have occupied the last three weeks. These give the world a fair sample in miniature of the kind of work that modern Oxford is doing with her regular students. Education—as modern educationists, and philosophers from SOCRATES and PLATO downwards, have never tired of reminding us—depends for its excellence on personal contact and stimulus. It is well that the enormous reserve of unemployed mental power which is visible among the cultivated classes of England should have some opportunity of being definitely aroused. There are far too many blanks in the intellectual life of the average English girl.

THE number of cases that have been recently before the Metropolitan magistrates in which constables have given false evidence would almost suggest the outbreak of an epidemic of perjury in the Police Force. Happily the magistrates are taking the proper means for putting an end to this great evil. Everyone can understand the temptation under which they lie to take the word of a policeman in preference to that of an ordinary witness, and there have been occasions when this temptation has led them to give decisions of the most scandalously unjust kind. But there has been an awakening of late on the part of the bench: and again and again the magistrates have not only rejected police evidence, but have expressed a strong opinion as to its untrustworthiness. It need hardly be said that the interests of the public and the police ought to be identical in this matter. The community at large can have nothing to gain from the escape of offenders from justice, and the police ought to have just as little to gain from the conviction of innocent persons. But unless our magistrates persist in the course on which they have recently entered, and test the evidence of the police as carefully as that of any other class of witnesses, we shall continue to meet with lamentable cases in which justice has miscarried, and innocent men have been convicted on the perjured testimony of unscrupulous officers.

THE extraordinarily inclement and stormy weather which has characterised so great a part of the present summer has unfortunately continued, and the result is that the prospects of harvest throughout the country have become exceedingly gloomy. From north to south, and from east to west, the wheat-fields are now almost levelled with the earth by the violence of the storms which have swept over them. The hop-fields of Kent, which a few weeks ago gave promise of so abundant a return, now present a very different appearance,

and the British agriculturist once more appears before the world in his customary—we can hardly say favourite—character of a person in distress. With him everybody must sympathise; but it is fortunate for the public at large that scarcity in England and Europe is accompanied by plenty in America, and that the price of bread is hardly likely to undergo any serious alteration, in spite of the losses sustained by the agriculturists of the United Kingdom.

THE rate of discount in the open market has steadily advanced this week. The withdrawals of gold for Germany continue. The revival of speculation in the American market is increasing the demand for banking accommodation. If the weather improves, harvesting operations will now become general. And we have nearly reached the time when the outflow of coin and notes to the Provinces becomes large. Above all, the probability increases that very large amounts of gold will have to be sent to New York. Already shipments from the Continent have actually begun, and as the exports of wheat from the United States are already large, and are sure to become larger every week, the likelihood is that the gold shipments will assume very large proportions. Therefore, bill brokers and discount houses are putting up quotations. If the gold shipments to New York become as large as seems now probable, the rise in rates will be rapid. Happily the Bank of England is stronger than it has been for many years at this season, and the Joint Stock Banks are also better supplied with money. There is no reason, therefore, why the market should be seriously disturbed, unless there is a serious break on some of the Continental Bourses. Meantime the speculation in silver hangs fire. There is very little demand either for India or for the Continent, and the great operators in New York seem to be entirely engaged in the speculation in grain and securities. The price of silver, therefore, throughout the week has been about 45¹/₁₀ d. per ounce.

AFTER a rather wild speculation on Saturday and Monday, and a great rise in almost the whole American market, there has since been a slight reaction. Partly this is due to a fear that MR. JAY GOULD, who some months ago obtained control of the Union Pacific Railway Company, is dissatisfied with the arrangement that is being made for the settlement of the floating debt. It is said that MESSRS. DREXEL, MORGAN & Co., the bankers, who are prepared to lend the money for the settlement of the debt, insist upon such a voice in the management as would practically deprive MR. GOULD of the control. It is feared, therefore, that he is endeavouring to defeat the plan. At all events, rumours are circulating in New York that some of the holders of the floating debt are insisting upon payment, and that therefore the appointment of a Receiver is probable. A heavy fall in the shares occurred on Wednesday, and for a while this forced down nearly all prices. The strength of the speculation for the rise, however, asserted itself, and before the day was out there was some recovery. The utter defeat of PRESIDENT BALMACEA has led to a great rise in Chilean bonds and Nitrate securities, and there has been a further slight advance in other South American securities. Upon the Continent, on the other hand, the Bourses are disturbed not only by the fear of large gold shipments by-and-by to the United States, but also by the revival of disquieting political rumours. Berlin is the weakest of all the markets, and no one would be surprised if there were to be a crisis there by-and-by. As yet Paris has been able to prevent any great fall, and the leading operators there are still very confident. But if gold shipments are as large as is apprehended, it is difficult to see how Paris can succeed in preventing a very considerable fall.

MR. GLADSTONE'S FORECAST.

MR. GLADSTONE'S excursions into the region of political meteorology have been attended by a success which gives them distinct importance. The moderation which led him in his forecast of the Election of 1880 to understate the majority which he expected his party to secure, entitles his more recent predictions to a respectful hearing from his opponents as well as his friends. We are not among those who attribute to any bye-election the significance which some persons profess to discover in every event of this kind. Remembering the extent to which local or accidental influences at all times prevail in Parliamentary contests, we have never been able to see the wisdom of those who take each bye-election as it occurs as a portent of victory or defeat. It is only by the careful study of a long series of such elections, and a comparison of their net results with those of the General Election preceding them, that we can really arrive at any trustworthy conclusion. This is what Mr. Gladstone himself fully understands, and in his paper on "Electoral Facts" in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* he has been careful to base his conclusions, not upon one or two isolated instances, but upon the whole course of the bye-elections since the present Parliament came into existence. We are not surprised that his conclusions are extremely distasteful to the supporters of the present Ministry, for the general result of the elections themselves has not been less distasteful to them. From first to last they have pointed one moral, and one only—they have shown that in every part of the country, and in constituencies representing every variety of social class, there has been a distinct change in the feeling of the electors since the last General Election. Of the character of this change it is almost superfluous to speak. Everywhere it has been shown that the wave of prejudice which was excited against Mr. Gladstone by his Home Rule proposals when he was last in office, and on the crest of which Lord Salisbury and the dissentient Liberals rode triumphantly into power, has subsided, and that everywhere there is now a reaction more or less marked in favour of the Liberal party and its programme. We say more or less marked, for it is only fair to admit that in some quarters the subsidence of the wave has been comparatively slight. The passions and prejudices of 1886 have in certain constituencies survived the experiences through which we have gone since then, and the result has been apparent in the success with which the Tories have been able to hold their own. But in the overwhelming majority of cases the change has been very real and marked, and it now enables Mr. Gladstone to forecast with a fair measure of reason the result of the next appeal to the country. That appeal, as Sir Charles Dilke points out in the paper we publish from his pen on another page, will certainly take place during the coming year. It may be that, before the country is called upon to cast its verdict in the great dispute, new elements will have been introduced into the discussion and unforeseen conditions brought to bear upon the struggle. Mr. Gladstone himself admits this freely, and makes no pretence of being able to foretell the unforeseen. But granting that no revolutionary change takes place, that no sudden political agitation sweeps both parties from the foundation on which they are now standing, we believe that the result at which the Liberal leader arrives, after a series of elaborate calculations into which it is not necessary to follow him, is thoroughly sound and accurate. The broad fact with which the political meteorologist has to deal just now may be stated in a single sentence. In 1886 there were 191 English

and Scotch Liberals returned to the House of Commons; at this moment, thanks to the bye-elections, there are 213; whilst during the same period the Tories and dissentient Liberals have fallen in number from 333 to 370. The net result is a reduction of the Ministerial majority from 117 to 71. It is from these facts that Mr. Gladstone arrives at an estimate of the Liberal majority in the next House of Commons of 97. No doubt if the bye-elections during the past five years had been conducted, as bye-elections too often are, upon side issues, it would be a mistake to base such an estimate as this upon them. But we know that as a matter of fact in almost every case the elections which have taken place since 1886 have been fought upon the great issue which was placed before the country in that year. The nation, as Mr. Gladstone tells us, has been kept in an almost perpetual fever, and in not one of these elections can it truthfully be said that the Irish question has been allowed to fall from the first place in the eyes of the constituencies, still less to pass out of sight altogether.

We are justified in these circumstances in claiming that the bye-elections point indubitably, unless some contingency at present quite unforeseen should arise, to the return of the Liberals to power next year. That this conclusion has already been accepted by most intelligent Conservatives is matter of notoriety. They have seen seat after seat wrested from their keeping, and even where they have succeeded in retaining their hold upon a particular seat, they have hardly in a single instance been able to show any substantial addition to their strength. If such things happen in the green tree, what may we not expect in the dry? It is notorious that in whatever direction public opinion happens to be moving at the time of a General Election, it moves with an immensely increased velocity when an appeal is made to the electors, not of a single constituency, but of the whole country. We saw this in 1874, and we saw it again in 1880; we were not without signs of it in 1885; it was still more marked in 1886; and we may confidently expect that this common experience will be repeated in 1892. The General Election will follow the course of the bye-elections, but will follow it with an increased impetus, and many seats which are now regarded as secure Tory strongholds will, under the influence of a rapidly growing popular feeling, pass into the keeping of the Liberals. As to the fate of the dissentient Liberals, it is already written in letters of fire upon the wall; but none know this more certainly than they themselves do.

We have said that we would not follow Mr. Gladstone through the elaborate calculations on which he has based his estimate; but there is one passage in his contribution to the *Nineteenth Century* which deserves special attention. It is that in which he has put in a nutshell the case against Mr. Parnell. It has long been admitted, he says, that kings are made for nations and not nations for kings, and even the strongest partisans now acquiesce in the analogous doctrine that parties are made for nations rather than nations for parties. "Yet there arose in Ireland last December a sect or group of politicians who teach and act upon the teaching that though kings and parties are made for nations, the leaders of parties are not; that nations are made for them, that national interests must stand second to their demands, and when put into the scales against them must kick the beam." It would be impossible to set the charge of the Irish people against Mr. Parnell in terms more clear or concise, and it is a happy thing that Mr. Gladstone can point to the bye-elections in Ireland which have taken place since last December as proving conclusively that the Irish

people as a whole, despite the strong personal and traditional influences by which they have been swayed, have emphatically repudiated this monstrous doctrine. In Ireland, as in Great Britain, all the signs of the times point to the return to the next House of Commons of a majority of representatives bound together by a common determination to bring about a settlement of the Irish Question which shall be satisfactory to the people of the United Kingdom as a whole.

REGISTRATION REFORM.

THIS month sees once more all the machinery of Revising Barristers' Courts at work to determine the utterly unnecessary question of whether a few hundred thousand of our fellow-citizens shall or shall not be regarded as qualified to vote for Members of Parliament. Registration Reform has become ancient enough history to all professional politicians, but the Lewisham contest comes as one more proof that it is still of vital interest to the electorate. After Home Rule, there is no subject of which mention is more imperative in an election speech than "One Man One Vote." With the exception of personal devotion to Mr. Gladstone, there is no point upon which all sections of the Party are apparently more unanimous. But it is by no means equally certain that the "blessed words" "One Man One Vote" are always understood in the same sense. What the great mass of the people mean by them is now clear enough. There are nearly nine millions of adult men in the United Kingdom, of whom perhaps two hundred thousand are disqualified as being inmates of lunatic asylums, prisons, workhouses, or barracks. Out of the remainder, scarcely six millions are upon the electoral registers, due deduction being made for plural votes. The not inconsiderable remnant is at present disfranchised owing to the complications of our registration system. They are, to use a celebrated Liberal phrase, our own flesh and blood. They are even of our own sex. But at present they are excluded, many of them permanently, from the electoral registers, chiefly through the indirect results of their poverty and lowly station in life. There can be no doubt that it is the determination of nine-tenths of those who call themselves Liberals or Radicals that every one of the missing two and a half to three millions should be granted the rights of citizenship. Unfortunately the question of the enfranchisement of these non-citizens was not at first directly touched upon in the Liberal Programme. The now celebrated phrase "One Man One Vote" was intended, in the beginning, only to express the principle that no man should have more than one. In 1887, which, politically, is a very long time ago, the fact that over two hundred thousand citizens had several votes apiece seems to have appeared a more glaring electoral anomaly than that over two millions of their fellows had no vote at all. And when, at the Nottingham Conference, Mr. Stansfeld, in moving the "One Man One Vote" resolution, ventured to hint at Manhood Suffrage, it was felt in the circles of official Liberalism that the time was not then ripe for such a change, and the suggestion received no immediate support.

During the four years which have elapsed since Nottingham, Liberal speakers and candidates have, however, had more opportunity to gauge the popular feeling on this question, and have also been under the necessity of studying more closely the actual working of our registration system. The result has been a very rapid assimilation of views on the subject, and no doubt now remains that the resolution in favour of "One Man One Vote," which will be

passed unanimously at the National Liberal Federation Meeting next month, will be generally understood to imply what the audiences have long believed it to imply, namely, "Every Man a Vote, and No Man More Than One." It cannot, however, be said that legislative proposals have quite kept pace with the feeling of the party. The most important Registration Bill before the House of Commons last session was that brought in by Mr. Stansfeld, whose name is specially connected with this subject. This measure contains several excellent proposals for the amendment of the law in points of technical detail, and would, as has been calculated by a very great authority on electoral arithmetic, add about one million names to the registers. The calculation no doubt gives us the main reason why Mr. Stansfeld's Bill finds no favour with Liberal secretaries and registration agents. In fact, the chief outlines of the measure were unanimously condemned by these experts as inadequate at their last annual meeting. It can, indeed, scarcely be doubted that a Registration Bill which enfranchised fewer than half of those now excluded would be regarded by the great mass of the wage-earners as a betrayal of their interests as base as the Whig Bill of 1832 was afterwards felt to be by the Chartists. As we have always maintained in these columns, nothing short of an honest attempt at complete Manhood Suffrage will now suffice. This is what has been promised from thousands of Liberal platforms up and down the country, and we may be quite sure that the masses will, when the time comes, be told, in the words of the advertisement, to "see that they get it."

The cardinal error of Mr. Stansfeld's Bill is the retention of an unnecessarily lengthy process of getting on the electoral roll. The greatest hardship of the present law is not the twelve months' qualification, but the fact that it takes from six to eighteen months to get upon the register after the qualification has been completed. It is obviously of little use reducing the period of qualification if this secondary virtual qualification period is retained. But retained it must be so long as we stick to the present system of Revising Barristers holding annual, or even half-yearly, courts to settle lists which might equally well be disposed of, subject to rare appeals, by permanent registration officers. There is, indeed, no reason, save the ever-present love of minor legal patronage, why the whole system of Revising Barristers should not be abolished. A paid registration officer in each constituency might be charged with the continuous revision of the electoral roll, additions or omissions being published in supplementary lists every month. Claims and objections might be dealt with by the same officer in a monthly court, subject to appeal to a county official, who should also be returning officer and look after the local officials, with power to state a case, if required, for the Supreme Court. With such an automatic monthly registration, the period of qualification might be fixed at as much as three months without depriving any person of five months' standing in the constituency of his right to vote. It goes without saying that all the quaint technicalities of tenement occupation, lodger's vote, service franchise, University suffrage, freehold qualification, livery vote, payment of rates, poor law relief, annual value, and so forth, must be completely swept away in theory as they are rapidly being undermined in practice. With such a registration system, every man of ordinary stability of residence could hardly fail to find his name placed as automatically and rapidly upon the electoral roll as on the rate-book.

It would, however, still be necessary to give the registration officer power to cope with the incessant removals of the poorer part of our urban population.

Successive occupation, save within the same constituency, would indeed no longer be needed with a three months' qualification, and might be abolished. But without some provision for prompt discovery of changes of address, even a half-yearly census would leave the registers in a very incorrect state. For some of these corrections, we must inevitably rely on the public spirit of the elector and the energy of the local political organisation. For others, a rigid enforcement of the landlord's obligation to report the names of his tenants might suffice. For the rest, we see no reason why information already in the hands of public officers should not be utilised. The local Registrar of Deaths is already bound to aid in revising the overseers' lists by reporting the deaths within the constituency. The local Postmaster, the School Board Visitor, the Vaccination Officer, the Surveyor of Taxes, and the Rate Collector are all in possession of lists of removals. There seems no reason why this information should not be reported to the Registration Officer, as the deaths are now reported, for the purpose of helping him to revise his lists. This is the kind of Registration Reform which the great mass of the wage-earners are expecting. If we cannot, consistently with making up local registers of a migratory population, place every man upon the electoral roll who is not a criminal, a lunatic, an indoor pauper, or a soldier or sailor actually on service, we shall certainly be called upon to make an honest endeavour to come as near to an electorate of nine millions as circumstances permit. None of the Bills at present before the House of Commons seriously attempts to deal with this demand, and it appears to be high time that a full draft of the Party's proposals were produced in legislative form.

EXIT BALMACEDA.

ANOTHER South American Revolution has reached its predestined end; another State has been rescued from bloodshed and anarchy, and restored—temporarily, at all events—to peace and order. Everybody must rejoice at the close of the sanguinary struggle in Chili, and upon the whole everybody in this country, at least, will feel that it has closed in the right manner. President Balmaceda's triumph, if it had been secured, would have been hurtful to many interests, and specially hurtful, there is reason to believe, to the interests of the people of this country. We may be reasonably glad therefore that the victory has fallen to the Congressional party, and that Chili will return to her old condition of well-ordered prosperity under the influence of the oligarchy which has so long held power in the State. But if ever a good example of the hard fortune of the vanquished was desired, it is to be found in the comments of many of our contemporaries on Balmaceda's character now that he has been beaten. To these humble worshippers of the jumping cat, it seems clear that the ex-President is proved by his defeat to have been a scoundrel of the most dangerous kind. It may be so. Indeed, we see no great reason for believing that Señor Balmaceda is any better than the average dictator of a South American State. He has certainly shown himself to be unscrupulous, dishonest, and deliberately cruel, and, as we have already said, there is every disposition in this country to rejoice over his defeat. But when the writers in our English Press allow themselves to be so far influenced by success as to claim all manner of virtues for Balmaceda's antagonists, we confess that their line of action seems to be more than slightly absurd. True, the Congressionalists had the letter of the law on

their side, and their high-sounding appeal to public opinion is garnished with all manner of sentiments of copy-book morality. But, unfortunately, we have had previous experience of the acts of the leaders of the triumphant revolution, and it inspires us with considerable doubt as to the sagacity of the judgment which ascribes to them, now that they are victorious, all the virtues in which their opponent was admittedly deficient.

We can but hope for the best. It is, at all events, a great thing that such a State as Chili should have been rescued from the condition of anarchy into which it had fallen; it is a great thing that the cruel shedding of blood should have been stayed, and an end put to the innumerable losses which Civil War at all times entails upon the country in which it is waged. There is now every reason to hope that Chilian affairs will revive. The Stock Exchange has already pronounced its benediction upon the successful revolutionists, and Chilian Funds have gone up by leaps and bounds since the defeat of Balmaceda. The nitrate industries apparently look upon the result of the struggle as a triumph for themselves, and all over South America the prospect is brightening with the close of this barbarous and exhausting struggle. For the moment all is well; but if we might utter one word of caution in the midst of the general jubilation, it would have reference to the ridiculous panegyrics which have been so hastily pronounced upon the conquerors. These worthies may be all that they are painted in the columns of the *Times* and elsewhere; but if so, they must be strangely unlike the general run of South American politicians. Surely we shall do well to let their actions speak for their characters before opening our arms to them. Surely, too, the English investor, whose spirits have naturally risen with the end of the season of tumult, has had lessons enough already in the security of South American States, and the methods by which the political and financial interests of those States are controlled, to prevent his laying aside all the instincts of prudence merely because another President who tried to override the Constitution has met with his deserts. But perhaps we are too sanguine in anticipating that recent events will have any restraining influence upon the English investor. Goodness knows he had received lessons enough in the ways of South American Republics long before this last outbreak in Chili occurred, and goodness also knows how he has profited by them. It may be more to the point to express the hope that our naval and military authorities will not lose sight of the lessons which have been taught in the recent war. Some of these lessons we shall hope to refer to in detail hereafter. Many new weapons have been first tried in earnest by the rival forces in Chili, and some of the gravest problems in modern strategy have been subjected to the rough solution of actual warfare in the struggle between Balmaceda and the Congressionalists. We do not doubt that our Intelligence Department has had its eye upon what has been happening on the remote western shore of South America, and by-and-by we may hope that these lessons at least will be duly learned by Englishmen.

RUSSIA.

THE news from Russia is very serious. In spite of the efforts of the censorship, it is found impossible to conceal the fact that the crops generally have almost completely failed, and that the peasantry are in dire misery. Some of the official accounts indeed allege that it is only in the Eastern

provinces that famine is to be apprehended; that in the Western provinces generally, and more particularly in the Baltic provinces, the crops are good, and that in these no serious distress is to be feared. But when we call to mind that up to the very day when the ukase forbidding the export of rye appeared we were assured that no extraordinary measures would be necessary to supply the population with food, we see reason for doubting official reassuring statements. Meantime the Russian Press, almost without exception, is full of the gloomiest reports. One journal declares that the peasants in the valley of the Volga are in a state of the utmost destitution. A paper published in Kieff says that the peasantry of the neighbourhood are in a desperate condition, and by next spring it anticipates that the entire Russian peasantry will be bankrupt. And from Warsaw we are told that throughout Central Russia the peasants are already emigrating *en masse*. Possibly these reports are exaggerated. But that the situation is extremely grave admits of no doubt, for, as we have observed on a former occasion, no Government would scare its subjects by such a measure as the prohibition of the export of rye unless famine were really impending. And, further, the Government finds it necessary now to issue instructions to its officials to be very careful, in the collection of the taxes and of the money for the redemption of the peasants' lands, not to press unduly on the peasants, and everywhere to wait until the harvest has been gathered in. The Russian population lives mainly upon rye, and it is officially admitted by the organ of the Ministry of Finance that fully one-third of the requirements of rye are wanting, and that the deficiency will have to be made up by imports from abroad. Wheat is not consumed to any large extent by the poorer classes, and it is hardly available just now, when the price is so high. The potato crop, too, is said to be bad, and the people therefore will have to look mainly to maize for the means of subsistence. The Government has promised to supply seed in the affected districts, and doubtless it will exert itself also to feed the starving. But in so vast a territory, with roads often wanting, and railways very scarce, it will be difficult for the Government to cope with the necessities of the population. And if it fails to do so, the danger is that political troubles may break out. Already there have been serious riots near the German frontier to prevent the export of rye. If the peasants are in such distress in the month of August, what is likely to be their misery in mid-winter? Is it not to be apprehended that they will become desperate, and blame the Government for their sufferings? It is not surprising, then, that a more apprehensive feeling exists upon the Continent than since 1885, at the time of the Afghan dispute with this country. Throughout Germany, and Austria-Hungary more particularly, the most serious fears exist. It is rumoured that the Austro-Hungarian Government has under consideration already a plan for the increase of its army; and though the German press is more reticent than the Austro-Hungarian, German public men are hardly less anxious than those of Vienna and Pesth.

In the meantime the value of the Russian rouble is falling very sharply. At the end of last year it was worth about 30d. of our money. Now it is worth less than 24d., a fall in about three-quarters of a year of decidedly more than 20 per cent. And the depreciation is likely to continue. Russia, it is to be recollected, owes very large sums every year to the rest of Europe. A very considerable proportion of its debt is held abroad. In spite, too, of its Protectionist tariff, it imports a vast quantity of goods from other countries. And the Government not only carries on a propaganda in

South-Eastern Europe which costs much money, but it is in the habit likewise of operating upon the Stock Exchange so as to maintain its own credit. Hitherto it has been able to defray its large expenditure because its exports of all kinds, and more particularly of wheat and rye, were very large. This year it has to suspend altogether the export of rye, and if the information which reaches us is correct, it will have little or no wheat to sell to other countries. How, then, will Russia be able to fulfil her obligations to her foreign creditors? It is true that she still has large sums in gold standing to her credit in London, Paris, and Berlin. But a portion of these has already been allocated to redeem certain old loans which are chiefly held in Holland. Another large portion will be required to pay the interest upon the foreign debt held abroad. Therefore it is probable that before many months pass away, the gold which the Russian Finance Minister has been accumulating abroad for years past will all have been paid away. It is not probable that Russia will be able to borrow even in France. On the other hand, her expenditure at home will be very large, both for keeping the people alive and for providing seed for the peasants. Financial difficulties, therefore, are almost inevitable before long. That will cause a further heavy fall in the rouble, and consequently in Russian bonds—a decline which will be aggravated, too, by the difficulties of the Berlin Bourse. No doubt German capitalists and German speculators have sold immense quantities of Russian Bonds to Frenchmen during the past few years, but the holdings in Germany of Russian securities of all kinds are still very large, and Germany will suffer severely from the failure of the crops at home, as well as from the prohibition of the export of Russian rye.

The danger is that as the Government's difficulties increase, and as the misery of the poorer classes becomes greater, there may be an uprising in important districts. The authority of the Czar no doubt is very great, not only as head of the Government but also as head of the Church, and it is to be presumed that the clergy will exercise their utmost influence to prevent revolutionary movements. Still, we know that Nihilism is widespread, and that in spite of all the efforts to stamp it out it has been growing during the present reign. We know, too, that the expulsion of the Jews has disorganised trade throughout the Empire, has given a shock to its credit, and has added thereby to the bad effect of the failure of the crops. The Nihilists will, of course, use their utmost efforts now to rouse the population; and if they should succeed, political dissensions may add to economic difficulties. In Austria-Hungary and in Germany the fear exists that the Czar, in the hope of diverting the attention of the people from their own sufferings, may plunge into foreign war. It is reported that the massing of Russian troops on the Austrian frontier is going on at a very rapid rate. No doubt such reports are repeated so frequently and so regularly that in Western Europe we have come to attach little importance to them, and it may be that they are inspired just now much more by the desire of military experts to frighten the people into agreeing to an increase in the army than by any real apprehension that war is imminent. Still, it would be optimist to shut our eyes to the danger that a Government pressed by great internal difficulties may think it better to plunge into foreign war than to risk insurrection at home and possibly revolution. If the Czar can count confidently upon the loyalty of the Army, he may resist all temptations to urge him into hostilities. But in Western Europe we know so little of the feeling of the Russian Army that we cannot build

upon that hope. Every Army obeys orders when the officers are loyal and there is a strong man at the head. But if there is not a strong man at the head, and still more if Nihilism is at all general amongst the officers, the Army, or a portion of it, may fail the Government on some critical occasion. Putting aside, however, the danger of military insubordination, it is clear that Russia just now is in a state so critical that anything is possible. The Government may be able to prevent actual famine, and its own influence, together with that of the clergy, may keep the people quiet. On the other hand, if distress becomes very great, and if the winter is very severe, the people may become desperate, and may think that anything is better than starving quietly in their huts. From time to time, therefore, we may expect to hear disquieting rumours of rioting and disaffection, and of threatening movements of troops. And almost inevitably we shall have a growing sense of insecurity in Germany and Austria-Hungary; while upon the Continental Bourses there can hardly fail to be a persistent and heavy fall in Russian bonds, with a proportionate decline, of course, in Russian credit.

THE TEMPERANCE LEAVEN.

WE owe it entirely to the happy fluke of the decision in *Sharpe v. Wakefield* that the Brewster Sessions offer, for the first time, some trifling prospect of a diminution of the curse of drink. Not that there is at present much sign of unity of action among the licensing magistrates, whose collective wisdom was in one case equal to declaring that the number of licences was too large and then to renewing every one of them. At West Bromwich, again, the Bench allowed that one public-house to every 193 inhabitants was a reasonable proportion, while in another district they were content to administer a warning to a publican convicted of gross and repeated offences against the Licensing Laws. But perhaps the most striking failure to act up to the new level of opportunity afforded by *Sharpe v. Wakefield* and *Kay v. the Justices of Over Darwen*—which between them give magistrates practically an unlimited discretion with regard to “on” and “off” licences granted since May 1st, 1869—occurred at Derby. Here the Corporation and the Town Clerk, representing the citizens, petitioned against the renewal of a licence on the ground that the premises had been greatly enlarged, and that therefore a new business, for which there was no good cause, had practically been created. The magistrates, however, renewed the licence, though in doing so they suggested to the large brewer-capitalist—who, as we shall presently show, is the licensing reformer’s worst foe—the obvious tactic of meeting the withdrawal of a number of pothouse licences by simply enlarging his bar room, and building huge beer and spirit palaces, which create a new social temptation and in no way diminish the actual drink-area. Happily, this is not the only spirit observable in the licensing decisions of the year. At St. Ives, Swansen, and elsewhere, considerable numbers of applications for renewal were refused, distinctly on the ground that the public-houses were in excess of the wants of the neighbourhood. In other cases, as at Berwick and Gosport, the magistrates decided to give the publicans another twelve months’ law, and to act next year. Decidedly the new leaven has begun to work.

It is a pity, however, that the magistrates of the country were without the invaluable guide to action which we owe to the local patriotism and energy of

Mr. Brunner, M.P. This is the report, drawn up at Mr. Brunner’s suggestion by a Committee of the Chester Quarter Sessions, on the licensing law as affected by *Sharpe v. Wakefield*, and on the entire aspect of the drink problem in the locality. It is an invaluable document; and while it does not in the least degree make against Local Option, as the *Spectator* appears to imagine, it shows clearly how much may be done by a really conscientious body of magistrates, backed by an energetic police. It marks, indeed, the point at which the old licensing bodies can fairly hand over their task to the new, which will be nothing less than the organised expression of the popular will. At present this exists only in a somewhat haphazard representation of the “wants and wishes” of the neighbourhood. The report is clear that this is the new leverage in the drink question. “If a large majority of the resident occupiers of a street object to having a public-house planted in their midst, it seems but fair that Justices should give respect to their wishes.” The step from this to the Referendum is obviously a short one. Turning to the circumstances of their own district, the Chester Committee find that out of a total of 1,629 licensed houses (or 1 to 233 inhabitants), 865, or over half, are “tied” houses. In some localities the tied or brewers’ houses predominate in the proportion of 24 to 2. This occurs in Northwich, where it is significant to note that there is a drink-shop to every thirty-seven persons. Seven hundred and eleven of the licensed houses are pure drink-swallowing resorts, with no beds for travellers, and no accommodation for eating purposes. The result of it all is that drunkenness is largely on the increase, the convictions having grown continuously from 1887. This is not surprising when we consider the nature of the tenure described as the “tied” house. Under it the publican is not a *bona-fide* tenant at all, but simply the servant at will of the brewer-owner, who lets him in at a reduced rent—thus ensuring a low assessment—holds him dismissable, on the signature of blank agreements, at a moment’s notice, compels him to buy all his beer and spirits of his landlord at a specially high figure, and thus throws him back on all sorts of expedients for increasing his takings. The “tied” house is, as a rule, a mere drink-shop, and a six-day licence is rarely attached to it. But the most serious evil of which the Committee complains is the practical withdrawal from the view of the magistrates of the really responsible parties. If a complaint arises against a publican, he is roughly, and often unjustly, thrown out at a moment’s notice—often before the licensing sessions come on—and replaced by another hired bar-tender, who may suffer the same fate. The continued watchfulness of the magistrates and the police over a publican personally responsible for the good conduct of his house is thus destroyed, and the licensing authority is bewildered by a panoramic view of bogus tenants, many of whom are of bad character, but who leave no permanent mark on the house. The landlord-brewer is not accessible, and his main object is to turn over his money as rapidly as possible, regardless of the effects on the community, with which, indeed, he stands in no moral relation whatsoever. The Chester Committee rightly insists on being placed in touch with the real and not the bogus landlord, and on attaching the responsibility for the conduct of a house to its brewer-owner or manager.

Another reform suggested by Mr. Brunner and his colleagues is equally sensible, and that is a stricter definition of the “*bona-fide* traveller.” The *bona-fide* restriction has always been designed to meet the wants of the man who has travelled three miles on a genuine journey. But it was certainly not meant to assist the man who—to adapt the

classic instance from the Latin grammar—walks to drink but does not drink to walk; in other words, the boozing excursionist, who runs in an omnibus from Crowe to adjoining towns, or from London to a suburb, that he may fill himself with drink at half a dozen houses. Yet it is clear from the case of *Sleasby v. Oldham* that the *bona-fide* traveller's right to drink is not confined to one house, but may be extended to as many drinking-places outside the three-mile limit as he may care to enter. It is clear, indeed, that both in this case, and in that of the non-responsible brewer-owner of a tied house, the Chester magistrates have hit on real evasions of the spirit of the Licensing Acts, which it is thoroughly within the competence of Parliament to remedy, without touching the larger aspects of the temperance question. In doing so, they have exposed some pregnant sources of demoralisation, which form a part of the great holocaust of human misery which the British nation yearly offers up to the divinity of drink.

THE NATIONALISATION OF CATHEDRALS.

IT is a trite observation that good causes are sometimes more damaged by the indiscreet zeal of ill-informed advocates than by the open hostility of avowed enemies. That our Cathedrals might be made more useful than they are is true, though it must be added that the last thirty years have witnessed a wonderful improvement in that respect. At that distance of time the congregations, even of St. Paul's, were easily accommodated in the choir, and evening services were almost unknown. With the advent of Dean Church and Canon Liddon all that was changed. The Cathedral of the Metropolis became a centre of attraction and of light radiating throughout the land. It set an example which was followed by other Cathedrals and by parish churches. The weekly congregations of St. Paul's are now more numerous than the ordinary Sunday congregations under the old régime. The impetus given by St. Paul's is not spent. With few exceptions the Cathedral chapters throughout the land are bestirring themselves in a way that would have astonished their predecessors half a century ago. Much remains still to be done, but it cannot be done in the way suggested by Mr. Massingham in his article on "The Nationalisation of Cathedrals" in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. The article, to begin with, is much too contemptuous in tone, and shows far too slight a knowledge of the subject to carry weight. What will thoughtful men think of sweeping assertions like the following:—"The Church has largely lost her able administrators, her scholars, and her thinkers, as well as her statesmen, her poets, her saints, her heroes." "It does not need any special acquaintance with the later history of the Church to know that as a body the clergy of the Church of England are fully as inferior as their loss of the key of the intellectual position would lead us to suppose. . . . Two historians, a scholarly though rather 'viewy' inspirer of much good social work and thinking, an adroit manager or two, and a few clever pulpit rhetoricians and active town clergymen, make up the list of the prominent men. As a body they are nowhere in science, in literature, in art, in scholarship." Mr. Massingham will graciously not "insist on the all-round inferiority of the modern clergyman." The clergy are "a profession which has ceased to be learned, who contribute nothing to the science, literature, research, or the art of their country." Professor Jobb, of Cambridge, is "a scholar, and therefore a layman."

"The average canon and the average clergyman are . . . decidedly below the general level of national culture." Cathedral chapters are "an illiterate clergy in possession of the sinecures of the Church."

Wild extravagance of this sort would discredit a reasonable conclusion, and Mr. Massingham's conclusion is not reasonable, as we shall show presently. But let us first glance at his wholesale impeachment of the English clergy. The clergy, forsooth, "are nowhere in science, in literature, in art, in scholarship." The distinguished Professor of Astronomy at Oxford happens to be a clergyman, and so does the Professor of Natural Philosophy. In science, physical and metaphysical, the clergy are probably on much the same level as other professions. Only "two historians" among the clergy—namely, Merivale and Creighton! Is Bishop Stubbs no historian? or Bright? or Dixon? or Reichel? or Salmon? or Jenkins (the learned author of "The Privilege of Peter," and other historical works)? or a troop of others who are distinguished in special departments of historical erudition? No scholars among a clergy whose average scholarship is far and away above that of all the other professions put together! As a finished Latin scholar the Bishop of Salisbury has no superior in Europe, and in profound acquaintance with early Latin literature scarcely an equal. In minute acquaintance with the literature of the first centuries of Christianity, Bishop Lightfoot had no superior, and his monumental work on the Ignatian Epistles has settled a controversy which exercised the pens of scholars for centuries. Is the Head Master of Harrow no scholar? or his predecessor, now Master of Trinity? To say that the clergy are "nowhere in literature or scholarship" is really to betray an extraordinary ignorance or forgetfulness of the literature and scholarship of the last thirty years. Doubtless the majority of the clergy "are passmen," and always have been; but the observation is equally true of the majority of the laity. True also that "a great mass have never been to Oxford or Cambridge at all." But a still greater mass of lawyers, doctors, artists, journalists are amenable to that impeachment. And why should it be more discreditable to a clergyman to be undistinguished in science or art than it is for a lawyer, a soldier, or a physician? To talk sneeringly of "a scholar, and therefore a layman," is not wit: it is only nonsense, considering what the facts are.

It is because we wish to see the Church of England rise to her great opportunities that we deprecate a style of controversy which appeals to passion and prejudice, and betrays a lamentable ignorance of facts. Mr. Massingham refers admiringly to Mr. Gladstone. But Mr. Gladstone has borne public and repeated testimony to the superiority of the clergy of the present day to those of his youth and early manhood. At no period of her history probably had the Church of England more "saints and heroes" among her clergy than now. The present writer happened to read last week an account of a visit to an East End parish by Mr. Greenwood, the well-known writer on social subjects. Let Mr. Massingham read that account, or let him visit the parish, and we have no doubt that he will agree with Mr. Greenwood in characterising the life led by the Vicar of that parish—and there are multitudes like him in our large towns—as a noble example of true "heroism." The truth is that both among the mass of the clergy of the Church of England and of Nonconformity there has been, not a retrogression, but a wonderful advance within the last fifty years, both in scholarship, preaching, and administrative ability. It is just because there has been a general levelling-up that

fewer conspicuous figures tower above the mass. Mr. Massingham, however, is at least catholic in his antipathy to the clergy. Nonconformists fare even worse at his hands than the English clergy, as the following quotation will show: "The Liberation Society has its cure ready-made; but I do not foresee the time when the nation will be ready to hand over the Cathedrals of England—the chief adornment of its ancient towns, so matchless in form, so unique in historic and spiritual interest—to a body of contending sectaries, inconspicuous for their learning, and united only upon the common principle of hatred of an organisation which is aesthetically, if not intellectually, superior to any of them." What, then, is Mr. Massingham's method of nationalising our Cathedrals? He would appoint laymen to the deaneries and canonries, and assign the preaching to them, leaving the conduct of divine service to the minor canons. "It is surely not extravagant to forecast the time when a Huxley, a Tyndall, a Tennyson, a Stainer, a Sullivan, or a Lecky, would be deemed not unworthy occupants of a stall or a deanery." Mr. Massingham finds a precedent for his proposal some centuries ago, when laymen did occasionally hold deaneries and prebendal stalls. If he will extend his researches he will find that in those good old times bishoprics also were sometimes held by laymen. Nay, he will find that those laymen were not unfrequently lisping infants who combined the command of regiments and ships of war with their ecclesiastical preferments; that is to say, they drew the revenues of offices which they never really occupied. Mr. Massingham is unfortunate in his appeal to history. It is not by the restoration of gigantic abuses that our Cathedrals can be nationalised. But, in truth, we are disposed to regard Mr. Massingham's article as an elaborate satire on rash schemes of ecclesiastical reform. Fancy a sane man proposing in sober earnest that "a canonry of Westminster might even be attached to the blue-ribbon of journalism, the editorship of the *Times*!" Just imagine "Parnellism and Crime" preached for a series of weeks by the editor of the *Times* from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, with "its walls adorned with examples of local schools of painting and natural curiosities," including, we presume, a bust of Pigott! Truly an edifying way of nationalising our Cathedrals! Mr. Massingham, we have no doubt, had his tongue in his cheek as he was writing this article; but he propounds his absurdities with such gravity that the simple-minded among his readers may take him seriously. We would therefore remind them that a Cathedral is a place of Christian worship, and that its *raison d'être* is to set an example of dignified worship to the diocese, and also to afford leisure for study to some of the clergy. That the fittest persons are not always appointed deans and canons is only too true; but the evil would not be remedied by turning our Cathedrals into halls of art and science, and museums of "natural curiosities."

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

IN Europe this week a distinctly gloomy feeling has prevailed as regards the preservation of peace. It was no doubt started by the speech of the German Emperor at Mersburg, in Prussian Saxony, last Saturday week, in which the Continental press has discovered a profound significance. But it has been aided by several causes, including one or two canards, such as that Turkey had formally protested against the participation of Bosnian troops in the Austrian manoeuvres held this

week in Styria. Servia and Bulgaria, too, it is said, under the pretence of training their reserves, have been massing large bodies of troops close to their frontier, and the action of the latter has been checked by the advice of the Sultan. But a more serious matter than these two reports—which have been definitely contradicted—is the appearance at Vienna of a pamphlet written apparently under the inspiration of the Austro-Hungarian War Department, and insisting on the urgent necessity of an additional expenditure for military purposes of some sixteen or eighteen million florins per annum—say roughly a million and three quarters sterling. The object of the publication is supposed to be to put pressure on the Finance Ministers of the two Kingdoms to consent to the additional expenditure to be demanded from the Delegations by the Minister of War. Russia, too, is said to be buying all the Suez Canal shares she can get. But the most exciting bit of news this week—as yet unconfirmed—has been the announcement in the *Standard* of Monday that Turkey has apologised to Russia for the detention at the Dardanelles of the *Muskova* (of the Volunteer Fleet), paid the indemnity demanded, and promised that the Dardanelles shall forthwith be opened to Russian ships. This has been interpreted to mean warships, but it clearly only refers, if the news is true, to the ships of that Russian Volunteer Fleet, instituted in 1881 to prey, in the event of war, on English commerce, which has suggested to Western nations the idea of the armed mercantile cruiser. These ships often act as transports, and until the Trans-Siberian Railway is completed, Russia cannot well send troops to the extreme east of her Empire by any other means. But the danger to Austria involved in permitting the free passage of armed vessels has inspired a portion of the German and Austrian press to recommend that the Powers signatory to the various treaties which close the Dardanelles should at once take action.

These apprehensions are hardly likely to be modified either by the report that a new Russian loan is, after all, on the point of being floated in France—the feeling caused by the persecution of the Jews having apparently been modified by the demonstration at Cronstadt—or by the continuance of the Russophil demonstrations; the last reported are at Canterets, in honour of the Russian ambassador, Baron Mohrenheim, and in the district in the East, now the scene of the military manoeuvres, the plan of which we recently noticed in outline. It has been only fixed in outline, much liberty being left to the commanders of the opposing forces. The manoeuvres are to take place in a forest country, where water is scanty, and the men are billeted upon the inhabitants, not put under canvas if it can be avoided. The troops are being received with enthusiasm by the population, who offer wine, fruit, and vegetables on their march. The President will review the troops on September 17. The manoeuvres have unfortunately been marred by a very serious railway accident near Chalindrey, involving, it is said, the loss of two hundred lives.

The internal politics of France just now call for little notice. M. Dide (a Protestant pastor) in the Senate, and M. Lockroy in the Chamber, are to call attention, on the re-assembling of the Legislature, to the "Christian demagoguery" practised by the Catholics. The reference is apparently partly to the recent Papal Encyclical on social and labour questions, partly to the numerous recent Catholic adhesions to the Republic. The Encyclical, it is alleged, points to the renewal of the corporations abolished in 1789. But it can hardly be supposed that the interpellations will have any result.

Two of the Anarchists who fired on the police at Cliehy on May 1st have been condemned to five and 13 years' imprisonment respectively. Their previous record was bad. The fears of a fresh strike at Fourmies have ceased.

The English bookmakers settled at Boulogne and Calais are after all to be allowed to carry on their

trade there, provided they do not deal with French subjects.

A portion of the Italian Ministry held an informal meeting at Rome on Monday, and discussed the possibility of further economies of about a million sterling, partly by cutting down the construction of new railways. The Minister of Public Works is said to disapprove, and according to one report the majority agreed with him. In Parliamentary circles there is some talk of a speech to be delivered by the Premier next month at Milan, which, besides prophesying an improvement in the Abyssinian colony, will set forth the Ministerial programme—further economies, the “study of social questions,” the maintenance of peace—with an eulogium on the Triple Alliance—and the improvement of commercial relations with France as well as with Central Europe. The prospects of the proposed commercial treaty with Austria and Germany, however, are not very bright just now, owing, it is said, to the exorbitant demands of the two latter Powers.

The price of grain at Berlin fell heavily on Monday—wheat, nine marks; rye, eleven—owing to country sales to meet engagements and favourable reports from America.

The German Emperor has joined the Emperor of Austria and the King of Saxony at Schwarzenau, in Styria, to witness the annual manoeuvres. His knee still, it is said, causes him some difficulty in riding, and the population has been carefully warned not to frighten his horse by demonstrations of welcome.

Landslips in the Pusterthal, in the Eastern Tyrol, and apparently in some side valleys just above Lienz, have dammed back the Drave and formed a lake. Great damage will be done when the dam bursts, and men are at work night and day attempting to draw off the water by slow degrees. Should they fail, much of the valley below Lienz must share the fate of Sheffield in 1861. The last reports are hopeful.

The unpleasant incident reported from Montreux, in Switzerland, is probably due in part to confusion of the manners of different nations. The facts, as stated, are as follows:—Mrs. Burke, an English lady, and wife of the Portuguese Consul at Algiers, went from Geneva to call on Mr. Bates, Vice-Consul at Suez. Mr. Bates was out; so, as the hotel possessed no sitting-room, she proposed to wait in his bedroom—French hotel bedrooms, be it remembered, being also furnished as sitting-rooms, which Swiss bedrooms certainly are not. The landlord and his wife objected, made imputations on her respectability, and ordered her out. She slapped their faces—which is perhaps regarded as permissible in dealing with native servants in North Africa. Forthwith she was conveyed to a dungeon full of rats and mice, to avoid whose attacks she climbed to the window and held on by the bars; whereupon the gaoler, for her consolation, offered her intoxicants. She was rescued late that evening by Mr. Bates on his return, and has since demanded 100,000 francs from the Federal Council. According to the last accounts, however, all imputations have been withdrawn, and the incident is closed. That she may very likely have received considerable provocation, most people who know the smaller French-Swiss hotels and their landlords will be quite ready to believe.

Most alarming reports have been in circulation as to the health of the Queen of Roumania, who is at Venice for the sake of the sea-bathing. It has been stated that the King has been advised not to go to her till she has got rid of Mdle. Hélène Vacaresco—the Maid-of-Honour she desires for a daughter-in-law (who has at last consented to go); that he has been urged to apply for a divorce; that she has either paralysis or congestion of the spine; that a fatal result may take place at any moment; and that Dr. Charcot, the well-known specialist, has been summoned from Paris. The latest news is somewhat less serious. Her state is doubtless due to the excitement of the “Roumanian Royal Romance.” It is a tragic ending for the most accomplished and gifted of European Queens to-day.

The insurrection in Yemen is now, it is said, absolutely over, and the Turkish commander has entered the city of Sana with “thirteen camels laden with the heads of the rebellious chieftains” (a most Oriental picture). However, the Turkish Government was chartering transports early this week, and it is not clear that the despatch of troops has ceased.

Another Provincial revolution is reported from Argentina—this time in Corrientes. But in a country whose foreign debtors (when paid at all) are paid by the Customs revenue, and whose producing classes are very largely outside politics, these movements by themselves should not excite serious alarm.

But, after all, the real centre of interest this week has shifted to Valparaíso and its neighbourhood. The positive and detailed assertions of a great Balmacedist victory, which we declined to accept last week, were belied almost at once by the announcement of the complete defeat of the Presidential forces, the flight of the leaders to seek refuge on foreign warships, and the disappearance both of the Presidential cruisers and the President himself. Valparaíso, Coquimbo, Santiago, and in particular Coronel, have been more or less in a state of anarchy, and many atrocities are reported, chiefly the work of marauders and camp followers. To the credit of the Congressional forces, it must be said they have done all they could to restore order. Balmaceda is a fugitive, and is reported to have been shot—with or without a trial. Meanwhile the *Presidente Pinto* is at Kiel, with a crew of 137 men out of 300, and her commander is apparently doing his best to get his stores and guns shipped, in spite of the vigilance of the German Government.

THE POSITION OF THE PARTY.

IT is understood that, as Mr. Gladstone's age may dispose him to take in the next Parliament so active a share as heretofore in the affairs of the party, Sir William Harcourt's friends have been pressing him that he should be Prime Minister, it being rightly assumed on all sides that a Liberal majority, greater or less, is certain. Mr. Gladstone's health is now, happily, so much stronger than it lately was that all difficulties are for the moment at an end, but it is still possible that domestic causes as well as advancing years may lead Mr. Gladstone to seek for some measure of repose. Is it useless to plead for the view, unpopular in the House of Commons, that there is an advantage to the party and a personal advantage to the leader in the House of Commons in having the Prime Minister in the House of Lords? Strongly as I am opposed to second Chambers, I believe that one of their few utilities is that they provide a quiet workroom for the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, giving them time to pursue their general labours without the constant worry of sessional affairs. The leader of the Lower House gains the advantage that he is always able to secure a day for the consultation of the opinion of the party, under guise of taking time to consult his chief colleague, not a member of the same Assembly. It is clear that, when the moment shall come for Mr. Gladstone to think that he has earned a change into the position of adviser from that of militant chief, Sir William Harcourt will occupy the place he pleases to assume. He will be able to make himself Prime Minister if he chooses. The question is, Will he choose? My suggestion would be that it would be wiser in the interest of the party and of himself that Lord Rosebery or Lord Spencer should be Prime Minister—Lord Spencer by preference, inasmuch as Lord Rosebery (should health and spirits return to him) must be Foreign Secretary, and the Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister should, if possible, not be the same man, so heavy is the proper work of each of these two offices. The party would be strongest with Mr. Gladstone for adviser, Sir William Harcourt, as fighting chief, sharing the responsibility

with the leader in the Lords more fully than he would if he were Prime Minister in the Lower House. The waste of money upon the present system of National Defence led me some time ago to propose that a Prime Minister should one day take charge of the departments concerned with both army and marine, exercising, however, over them only a very general control, and putting forward in each case the chief man under him to do the whole of the detail work, and to assume a good deal of joint responsibility along with him. The House of Commons is jealous of the Prime Minister, of the Secretary of State for War, and of the First Lord of the Admiralty being members of the Upper House; and to put them all into it would be undoubtedly to court attack. If, however, the House of Commons could by any possibility get over its jealousy, and feel that it had in the Lower House the men that it would need to hold responsible to itself for detail, the work of organisation would be the better done for being done under the general advice of men whose time and attention would not be subject to the demands which are made by the House of Commons. Still, I admit that my suggestion with regard to army and navy is unfortunately more applicable to some future Conservative than to the next Liberal Administration. Mr. Gladstone's mind is naturally, and even necessarily, occupied with other things, and Lord Spencer would probably not consent to greatly concern himself with questions not forced upon him by an obvious emergency, until Ireland has been dealt with. Lord Rosebery will have enough to do in conducting the foreign business of the country and in solving the highly dangerous Egyptian and Newfoundland questions; and the fighting services are not in the line of Mr. Morley, of whom, moreover, the mind refuses to contemplate a transfer to the House of Lords. Of those who have been suggested since I wrote as tenants of such a post as I proposed, neither Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Henry Fowler, nor Mr. Asquith, great as are their capacities, carry as yet the immense weight both with the services and the country which will be needed by the man who cleans out the stable.

So much upon the personal question. As regards the purely political, it is clear that the Conservatives count upon refusing time for the discussion of the questions which interest the working classes, on the ground that the Liberal party must first show their measure of Home Rule and then proceed with it to a final judgment of the House of Commons. Resolutions could be carried and the Bill perhaps postponed for a single session, though even in this case the debates would be prolonged. The suggestion that has been made that the details of the measure might be shaped by a Committee is one which will hardly commend itself to Mr. Dillon, who will come fresh from assuring the Irish constituencies that he is as resolute as Mr. Parnell himself. A fighting Opposition led by Mr. Balfour, and containing the Liberal Unionists within its ranks, their leaders sitting side by side with him, will show no quarter. It is hopeless to expect that the administrative work of the Foreign Office and of the great spending departments, as well as that involved in questions of patronage, ceremonial, ecclesiastical, and other which make grave demands upon the time of the Prime Minister—can receive fair treatment at the hands of the leaders of the majority in the House of Commons—that is, of Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, nimble-minded though they be. The result of these matters not being properly attended to will be that the Conservatives—who count upon speedily reducing the Liberal majority by showing the labourers that the promises made to them by candidates have not been kept—will be reinforced by many who are repelled by administrative chaos. These facts, again, tell in favour of finding the Prime Minister in the House of Lords.

Mr. Balfour has assured us that the dissolution will be in 1892—a not unimportant piece of news. But those may be wrong who think that he meant Easter

or July, and the Liberal party may find themselves next February faced by a refusal to fix a time for the appeal to the country, accompanied by an offer to bring in a Bill to hasten the registration, in order that the dissolution, if postponed till November, may be followed by elections to be held upon an anticipated register of 1893. The questions which I raise are, then, not pressing; but it is, nevertheless, right that they should be discussed.

The *Times* newspaper and Lord Salisbury lately on the same day threw out the suggestion that it was possible that we might be offered a new Conservative Reform Bill, even in the coming year. I, for one, am sorry that the offer—too good to be true—was not at once accepted. Lord Salisbury, indeed, assumed that it might be possible to adopt a population basis for representation without destroying the non-resident vote, and he did not mention University representation; but it is obvious that when the matter came to be discussed, the non-resident freeholder and the University voter would necessarily disappear if a population basis were to be adopted, and the Liberal party in the long run would have everything to gain by frankly accepting the population basis. Lord Salisbury foresaw, in 1885, the advantage which his party would gain in London by the adoption of the single-member system coupled with a vast increase of the electoral weight of the Metropolis. But he has never realised the fact that the agricultural labourers—the most numerous single-class in the constituency—are, except in the Home Counties, Radical almost to a man, although subject to fits of indifference, or even of discouragement, producing hostility to the Liberal party, when their favourite subjects are not dealt with and candidates talk to them of matters of which they do not greatly care to hear. Lord Salisbury contends that there must be a long period of residence required for the vote, because otherwise we should have personation. It is the long period of residence which is, on the contrary, the cause of personation. The period of residence being in practice two years on the average, from the time when the voter comes in to the time when the average election takes place, the registers are foul, great numbers of persons having died or gone away without addresses. These are the people who are personated, with those of the non-resident freeholders, of whom, as is the case with many, nothing is known in the locality. There are gangs in some of the Lancashire towns with a secretary who writes round to agents to offer to personate under circumstances of the kind; and their occupation would be gone if we had here that which exists in many other countries—a register continually made up of the persons actually in the place. There is no logical reason why local residence should be required for the Imperial vote except for the single purpose of making up the register; and the more frequently the register is made up, the cleaner it is, and the less personation can take place. Another point in Lord Salisbury's Reform Bill—which also has not been much discussed, and which is a small matter, not connected with enfranchisement or reform properly so called—is the proposed abolition of special facilities for the illiterate voter. This matter was considered a good many years ago by a Committee on the Ballot Act for which I had moved, and on the motion of Colonel Nolan the Committee unanimously resolved that the special facilities were unnecessary, as the voters, even when so ignorant as to be unable to read well-known names in large print, could easily be drilled beforehand as to the position on the paper of the candidate of their choice.

As I am discussing fresh suggestions, made by our opponents, on Parliamentary reform, let me mention that one other, which has lately been thrown out, is also a re-statement of an old proposal. That peers should stand for the House of Commons, and fight the question of their admissibility to seats, was the favourite plan for the gradual weakening of the influence of the Upper

House put out by the Radicals who had seats in the House of Commons in the Parliament of 1868.

It is unwise, I am convinced, to reject Parliamentary reform on account of the quarter from which it proceeds, and the Liberal party have always reason to expect gain in the long run from a frank support of reform principles.

The questions of the choice of leaders and of fresh Parliamentary reform are complicated by that of Labour Representation. It is, however, idle to talk about a Labour Party so long as it costs on the average £1,000 to get a member in, and £500 a year to keep him in, and while both sums have to be found elsewhere than from public sources. When members come to be paid by the public, and such election costs also paid by the public as are allowed at all, then Labour Members will be able to stand without recourse to local party subscriptions or general party funds. Till then it is only the miners, and perhaps a very few others of the best and most solid labour organisations, who can hope to return and keep their men.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND.

I.—THE EXISTING SYSTEM.

DURING the year 1877 two memoranda on Local Government in England were drawn up by Mr. R. S. Wright (now Mr. Justice Wright), and these memoranda were amplified by Mr. H. Hobhouse, and published in 1884. A complete summary of five hundred statutes was contained in a book of about one hundred pages, and must have been found exceedingly useful by those who were interested in the reform of local government in England. It is much to be regretted that no similar outline exists of the system of local government in Ireland. There are legal text-books dealing with the Irish Poor Law and Grand Jury Laws, but anyone who wishes to understand the system must make his summary of the statutes for himself.

It may, however, be useful to sketch as briefly as possible the main outline, showing, first, the areas governed; secondly, the governing bodies; thirdly, the matters administered. For shortness' sake, I have left the towns altogether out of account.

The smallest area prescribed by law in Ireland is the townland, an area seldom exceeding 1,000 acres, to which there is no analogy in England. It is very useful for purposes of local description, but except as an area for certain special assessments can hardly be called a unit of local government. Nor has the Irish parish any distinct governmental existence. We know nothing about the parish as "a place for which a separate poor-rate is or can be made, or for which a separate overseer is or can be appointed." We have no overseers and no parish roads. Vestry cess, which is the nearest thing to a parish rate which we have known, was abolished in 1864. It may be said that the Irish ecclesiastical parish is somewhat larger than either the ecclesiastical or civil parish in England. If "parish councils" were established in Ireland, it might be said, for all practical purposes, that we were devising a new, and not always a very convenient, governmental unit.

The two real and living units in Ireland are—

- (1) The Union, with its subdivision the Electoral Division; and
- (2) The County, with its subdivision the Barony.

The Irish Unions are not like those in England—a development of an earlier system. Our Irish Poor Law does not go back to the Act of Elizabeth, but was the work of the first reformed Parliament, which at once amended the system in England and started a similar system in Ireland. The Unions were created *ad hoc*, and are—perhaps for that reason—larger, more uniform, and more conveniently grouped

than those in England. They are subdivided not into parishes, but into "electoral divisions," which are of fairly equal size, and are the units both for the election of Poor Law Guardians and for the assessment of Poor Law and Rural Sanitary expenses. Speaking roughly, it may be said that the average size of rural Unions is, in England sixty to one hundred square miles, in Ireland rather more than two hundred square miles. The total number of Unions is one hundred and sixty. Of these, forty-seven are situate in more than one county, and seven others in more than two. This crossing of boundaries, which is specially noticeable in Ulster, is due, perhaps, chiefly to the inconvenience of the county divisions. The thirty-two Irish counties were formed at various times from the thirteenth century to the seventeenth, on the analogy of the English shires; but though the conquerors to some extent followed ancient tribal boundaries, they seem to have paid but little attention to physical features and other matters which affect practical convenience. Very significant of the nature of the settlement is the name of the subdivision of the county, the barony. The barony is the unit for collection of the county rate. But we call our county rate a cess—it was originally an assessment levied upon the occupiers in the Pale for the purpose of defence against the "Irish enemy"—and the man who collects it is dignified, by statute, with the title of High Constable of the Barony. There are 313 baronies in Ireland—roughly, two to every one Poor Law Union—but they vary very much in size. Meath, which only returns two members to serve in Parliament, has eighteen baronies; while Tyrone, with four members, has only eight. Generally speaking, it may be said that the baronies are smaller in those counties which were within the Pale. There is much of archaeological interest in their nomenclature. The euphonious titles which decorate the Irish peers, down to the latest, Lord Iveagh, will be found in very many cases to be derived from baronies.

The Poor Law and Sanitary administration is, as in England, entirely distinct from the county administration, just as the Poor Law areas are distinct from the county areas. As Mr. Balfour probably means by a Local Government Bill, just as Mr. Ritchie did, a Bill dealing with county government, it is hardly necessary to describe at length the Irish system of Poor Law administration. The Irish Poor Law Boards, like those in England, are formed partly of elected and partly of *ex-officio* Guardians. The elected Guardians attend regularly; the *ex-officios* come when they are whipped up for a Tory job. The Irish Boards are more restricted in their power of giving outdoor relief than are Guardians in England. They are also subject to a greater extent to the Local Government Board, which can, for what it is pleased to call misconduct, dissolve a Board and put in paid officials to do the Guardians' work. On the other hand, the Irish Guardians perform one duty at least which in England is usually performed by landlords—the erection of labourers' cottages. Some 10,000 cottages have been erected, at a cost of about £1,200,000, within the last eight years.

The system of county government is, however, more complicated than, and differs considerably from, the English system, even as the latter existed before the Local Government Act of 1888. Speaking roughly, it may be said that the Grand Jury in Ireland do what Quarter Sessions used to do in England. We have Quarter Sessions in Ireland, but they are purely of a judicial nature, and the County Court Judge is Chairman, and, except in licensing matters, practically forms the Court. The Grand Jury are the ruling body in the county, and consist solely of the larger landlords and agents, chosen by the Sheriff. The Acts prescribe that there shall be at least one representative of each barony; but to speak of representation in connection with such a body is ludicrous. Composed of landlords, in a country where landlords

are hated, of Protestants in the most Catholic counties, putting taxes solely on the occupiers, though the Grand Jurors are all owners or the agents of owners, without even that sense of public duty which sometimes prevents exclusive bodies from jobbing public money—it is indeed high time that the Grand Juries were abolished.

But to a certain extent the Grand Jury is only a Court of Appeal. It may make presentments (or vote money) for two objects:—(1) Smaller baronial purposes; and (2), larger or general county purposes. The first originate with the Presentment Sessions. Presentment Sessions are held for every barony at a time fixed by the Grand Jury before each Assize. They are composed (a), of Justices of the Peace in unlimited number, who may come from any distance if only they are on the commission for the county; and (b), of associated cess-payers, who are chosen in a manner worthy of Harrington's "Oceana." The High Constable at each Assize delivers to the secretary to the Grand Jury, who reads to the Grand Jury, a return of one hundred persons, being the largest cess-payers in the barony. The Grand Jury thereupon fix a number, not greater than twelve nor less than five, which is to be the number of associated cess-payers at the next Presentment Sessions for that barony. The Grand Jury further select the names of persons, double the number so fixed, from the High Constable's list, and the persons named are summoned to attend at Presentment Sessions. From those who attend, the required number are selected by lot. A fine field for jobbery is open in their selection, and in any case the Justices can out-vote them if they like.

Any two cess-payers or the County Surveyor may make an application for "any work" to Presentment Sessions. The Sessions, if they approve the application, direct the County Surveyor to prepare a form for tender and specifications, and adjourn to a future day preceding the Assizes. They advertise for tenders, and at their adjourned meeting are bound to accept the lowest. The application is then sent on to the Grand Jury, who can accept or reject, but cannot alter it.

There are, however, many purposes for which the approval of Presentment Sessions is not necessary, though for some of them it may be usual. There are some purposes for which Presentments are compulsory. A cess-payer may oppose a Presentment for malicious injury before the Judge of Assize. He may also traverse any Presentment for the payment of money to a contractor "on the grounds of the contractor not having complied with the terms of his agreement or the provisions of" the Grand Jury Acts. But this is always a difficult and unsatisfactory process. It may be mentioned that, as the Grand Jury are assembled only on the occasion of the Assizes, and retain no power or administrative authority after they have been discharged by the Judge, a certain power in emergencies is vested in any three Justices. On some occasions, such as the recent burning of the Cork Court-house, a special Act of Parliament is required, owing to the want of continuity in the Grand Jury's existence.

There is one particular in which the Grand Jury are a more important body than the English Justices were. The Grand Jury are the only highway authority outside the boundaries of Urban Sanitary Districts. The only county roads in England are those disburdened or other main-roads so declared under the Highways Act of 1878 or the Local Government Act of 1888. Most rural roads are under either the parish authorities or a Highway Board. In Ireland every road which is not an occupation road is a county road, repairable by the Grand Jury. And the Grand Jury also possess an unlimited power of making new roads. Arthur Young noticed in 1779 the effect of the difference of law: the Irish roads were then much better than roads in England. But another effect has been to give us in Ireland the doubtful blessing of unnecessary roads, made and repaired solely for the private convenience of prominent Grand Jurors.

Other purposes for which Presentments may be made are for piers and harbours, bridges, court-houses, gibbets and milestones, fever hospitals, dispensaries, infirmaries, pauper lunatic asylums, diocesan schools, coroners, compensation in case of murder or maiming or malicious injury, rewards to prosecutors of felons, maintenance of deserted children and of children in Industrial Schools, county officers, inspectors of weights and measures, clearing rivers. Compulsory Presentments may be required for extra constabulary, expenses of Crown prosecutions, the maintenance of children in reformatories, guaranteed railways and tramways, and many other purposes.

All this is done by the landlord, and paid for by the tenant. The cess is always paid by the occupier. The Land Act of 1870 provided that in case of future tenancies one-half should be repaid by the owner; but the phrase "future tenancy" is so restricted by judicial interpretation that only in cases where a special custom prevails can this division of rates be said to exist. The landlords are actually crying out that they will be robbed if they are no longer allowed to spend what the tenants pay in taxes. The Grand Jury of Cavan, in spite of protests, for sixteen years paid the money of Catholic ratepayers to support Protestant Industrial Schools, while they refused to give a farthing to Catholic schools.

One old means of promiscuous extortion has, however, been removed. The Irish system of valuation established by the Acts of 1816 and 1851 is really simpler and better than the system in England. The valuation was made by a Commissioner appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant. It may be revised annually by the Commissioner (who is now appointed by the Treasury), on the report of the collector of Poor Rates, transmitted to him with the comments of the Guardians, subject to appeal to Quarter Sessions or to the superior Courts on case stated. The valuation list is final, both for Poor Law and county purposes, and the Grand Jury have nothing to do but to make a poundage rate on the basis of the valuation of the central authority.

The County Surveyor, too, who is a very important and generally a useful official, is appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant after his qualifications have been duly certified by competent engineers. The constabulary, I need hardly remark, are also entirely under central authority. It is not a comforting reflection for anyone connected with the expiring class of Irish gentry that the power of valuation and the power to appoint a County Surveyor were taken from them by the central authority because they were not honest, and that the control of the police was taken from them because they were not just.

I shall try to indicate in another article what reform of this system may fairly be asked from Mr. Balfour.

E. F. V. KNOX.

SCIENCE FROM THE SECTIONS.

IT has been already pointed out in these columns that one of the main advantages, considered from the purely scientific point of view, of the British Association meetings, is derived from the addresses of the several sectional presidents. This year these addresses have been certainly up to the average mark of importance, for the men chosen for the office are men of light and leading in their several subjects. In the Mathematical and Physical Section it is usual to select alternately a man who represents the experimental and one conversant with the theoretical side of the Science. This year a physicist held the post. The address given by Professor Oliver Lodge contains much of interest. Four events of importance, he tells us, has signalled this year's progress in physics. First comes the centenary celebration of the birth of that greatest of all experimental philosophers Michael Faraday. Secondly we have to note the death of a hero of science, that of Wilhelm Weber of Göttingen, whose name will go down to posterity as one of the

founders of an absolute system of measurement. In the third place, we have the latest sensational discovery in astronomy, made in America, of the existence of a binary system of stars (β aurigæ) revolving round each other in grotesque haste, and in such close proximity that their separation by ordinary optical means is impossible and their distinct motions can only be detected by the observation of the change of refrangibility of their bright lines, a method first employed by Dr. Huggins. The funds that enabled this discovery to be made were furnished by Mrs. Henry Draper as a memorial to her husband, an eminent American astronomer, and, as Dr. Lodge remarks, if β aurigæ does not constitute a satisfactory memorial, one is at a loss to know what is the kind of tombstone which the relations of a man of science would prefer. The fourth event to be noticed is the discovery of a physical method for colour photography by Professor Lippman, of Paris. The idea of the possibility of obtaining permanent photographs of objects in their natural colours has long been cherished, but until the other day it has not been realised, nor, indeed, can even this discovery, although of great theoretical interest, be looked upon as applicable to the ordinary business of the photographer. The principle involved is one first suggested by Lord Rayleigh, but brought to a practical issue by the Parisian professor. This may be best explained by a well-known experiment in the case of sound. If a sensitive flame be exposed to stationary sonorous waves, the flame is heard to be set singing when brought in the loops of the waves, but not when placed at the nodes. So also in the case of the infinitely smaller waves constituting light. If rays of one kind be allowed to fall upon a sensitive photographic film of a certain thickness in such a way that interference of the waves occurs within that thickness, the effect is to produce a periodic structure in the film by shaking out the metallic silver from the combination, just as the flame is shaken in the case of sound waves, in strata half a wave length apart. Such strata must of necessity reflect light of the same wave-length as produces it, thus giving rise to the particular colour. Whether the faint but permanent colour-photographs thus obtained can be brought to a sufficient degree of perfection to be practically useful remains to be seen. It is enough for us to know that the principle has been discovered, and its truth proved experimentally, so that the apparent impossibility of obtaining photographs of landscapes and other objects in their natural colours is now brought within the range of possibility.

After a spirited argument in favour of the establishment of a national physical laboratory, a proposal which we heartily endorse, Professor Lodge passes on to the discussion of a question which he himself acknowledges lies on the borderlands of physics, physiology, and psychology, and about which some difference of opinion may be entertained. This relates to the question of "thought transference;" that is, whether any means of communication except the ordinary ones exists, by which a thought in the mind of one person can be transferred to that of another. This is an old story. Dr. Lodge wishes for investigation, and asks what right we have to be ashamed of the truth. Assuredly, we may answer, none, and no sensible man will venture to deny, to anyone who chooses to employ it, the right of careful investigation into these matters. The difference of opinion comes in when some of us ask if it is worth our while. By all means let Dr. Lodge, if he pleases, spend his energies in this direction; but it is hardly fair to condemn those who think that they can put theirs to better uses. Then Dr. Lodge tells us that he has evidence; he has seen it done, and that he is convinced of the fact. But how about us? Would it not have been well if he had given his section some notion of what he had seen done? If the thing is true, surely no presidential address ever contained anything half so important, and yet he fails to en-

lighten us. Some years ago a distinguished experimentalist made these matters his study; he described in detail experiments which were intended most distinctly to prove the existence of the so-called spiritualistic phenomena. Time passed on, for some unknown reason the subject was quietly dropped, and to this day the investigator has not had the common courage either to continue the experiments so as to prove his case to the satisfaction of the scientific world, or to confess himself deceived in what he saw. Dr. Lodge, it is to be hoped, will not emulate this example, but will either give satisfactory proof of his statements—in which case he will have made a discovery beside which all physical discoveries pale—or acknowledge he was mistaken.

It is a long drop from these transcendental subjects to the everyday matters treated of by some of the other sectional presidents. How can any interest be felt in metallurgy and Welsh coal-fields, or even in growth-curvatures in plants, after we have embarked on discussions on thought transfer? And yet the addresses of Professor Roberts-Austen, of Mr. Rupert Jones, and of Mr. Francis Darwin, not to speak of the others, are full of matters of importance. The latter, a worthy successor to his illustrious father, speaks of the singular motions of plants concerning which modern experimental botany has revealed many wonders. For how can the ordinary mind help wondering when we are told that if a plant be fastened to a spindle turned by a clock so that the plant's position is suddenly reversed every half-hour, a rhythmic state is produced in which the plant curves either upwards or downwards, and alters its growth according to the clock's motion—a similar condition of things to the better known alteration which is set up in the sleep of plants by the alternation of night and day. But still more remarkable is the fact that if the clock's sudden motion be stopped, the plant continues to curve just as if the clockwork were still in action. The plant has learnt and remembered the half-hourly period, thus proving that it not only is in a degree sentient but capable of acting upon past impressions. And after all, what is memory but this?

In the geographical section Mr. Ravenstein discourses on cartography. He thinks that maps must have existed from the very earliest times, otherwise how could Joshua have divided the Promised Land amongst the twelve tribes, minutely describing their boundaries? Be this as it may, none of Joshua's maps have come down to us; but we know that such things existed, at any rate, 423 years before our era, for does not Aristophanes bring in a map of the world in the *Clouds* to tell the Athenian farmer where Athens is situate? No original copy of Ptolemy's set of maps has reached us, but reductions of these originals are known. These are in many respects truer to nature than many far more modern maps. Of these, indeed, there was no lack during the Dark Ages; but as the chief aim of the map-makers of that time was rather to reconcile their work with the orthodox interpretation of Holy Writ than to represent things as they are, we need not be surprised to learn that Jerusalem was the hub of the universe in the wheel maps, whilst Asia lay to the east, and Europe and Africa occupied the western half of the disc.

To come down to later days, many of us can remember the time when the meetings of the British Association saw much of similar attempts to reconcile the results of scientific inquiry with what were considered orthodox views. A scene like the celebrated one at Oxford between the Bishop and Professor Huxley is, however, not likely to occur again. That Jerusalem is no longer the hub of the universe is now admitted by all, except a few innocents or fanatics who will continue to maintain the ancient cartography under all circumstances. Such persons the man of science need neither fear nor hate. They will not again turn up at the sections, and the educated world now understands the weight to be attached to their lucubrations.

A GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSE.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have done well to publish a bibliographical catalogue of the works which have been issued from their famous house. It is no part of the critic's duty to attempt a comparative classification of the publishers of Great Britain, but if such a task were imposed upon us the name of Macmillan would unquestionably stand very near the front. It is, however, rather as a vindication of publishers generally than as an illustration of what a single house can accomplish in a bare half-century that the volume just issued by Macmillan & Co. has the greatest interest. For some time past certain authors (chiefly writers of fiction) have been making a "dead set" at the publishers as a body. Forgetful of the fact that one author does not differ from another in glory more than does one publisher from another in virtue, these rather foolish gentlemen have practically lumped the whole publishing fraternity together, and pronounced it bad in root and branch. We have no quarrel with the Society of Authors, but that august body would do better service to its members if its officials showed a clearer sense of proportion in their performances. To instil into the mind of the young writer, just taking his first steps in authorship, that the publisher is his natural enemy, against whose wiles he must guard by means of a Trade Protection Society of his own, is to do the very worst possible service to the ardent youth. That it is also to insult an honourable and useful body of men need not be said. The belief of the leading gentlemen of the Society of Authors is, however, that a publisher has no feelings to be considered. "No doubt there are honest men amongst you," says the oracle of the society in effect: "I make no attack upon men of that quality; but you must excuse me if in business transactions I advise young authors to treat all of you alike as possible rogues."

A glance over Messrs. Macmillan's Bibliographical Catalogue may perhaps lead even the novice to entertain some doubts as to the wisdom of this advice. Here is a handsome volume of some seven hundred pages, and it is filled with a bare list of the books which have been published by a single firm since the year 1843. As we turn over the leaves we come upon a hundred famous names in English literature, and recall a thousand delightful hours spent with the books which are enumerated here. What a company would be that which would be gathered together in the famous house in Bedford Street if Messrs. Macmillan could summon all their authors around them! We cannot pick and choose in the list before us. It contains no small proportion of the most illustrious names of the present day, and it represents in a unique manner one side at least of the best thought and intellectual work of our century. When the young author sends his manuscript to Bedford Street, he virtually applies to be admitted into this illustrious company. To gain a place among its members is in itself a diploma. Surely the privilege is at least equal to that of election to a first-class club. And yet his self-constituted friends bid him to pause on the threshold, and to insult the masters of the house by addressing all manner of impertinent questions to them, and demanding all sorts of absurd guarantees before he sets foot within their doors. Would it not be wiser and kinder to advise the young man to take for granted the integrity and liberality of those who have already entertained so large and noble a company of guests? Can even the great name of Besant outweigh those which are already inscribed in the books of the Macmillans? The traveller entering a new country does not demand of the landlord of even the poorest wayside inn a pledge that he will not rob or murder him whilst he dwells under his roof. Some things there are which, even in this world, men take upon trust; and among them is the good faith of those who, having to cater for a particular class, have not only done so for years with marked

success, but have brought around themselves a body of clients of no common order of merit. We invite the young writer, with mind roused to keen suspicion by the hints and warnings of the Authors' Society, to say whether the names which figure in the Bibliographical Catalogue of the Macmillans do not offer him greater security than that which he can gain from the submission of an agreement with his publishers to even the keenest-eyed officials of that Society.

"But," says the young writer, who is too often an egregious person with wisdom teeth still uncut, "these illustrious men of whom you speak have made the fortunes of the publishers whom you praise and invite me to trust. Theirs has been the toil, and to the others has been the reward. Is it not time to change all this, and put the publisher in his proper place as the mere hack and tool of the writer?" This is the cry raised by gentlemen who think that the writer, however mechanical may be his art, must of necessity be superior to the mere man of business. The cry is as old as the hills, and never will it be answered save by those who learn wisdom from their own experience. In this catalogue of Messrs. Macmillan's publications there are some names (and these not the least eminent) of men who would never have produced a book, never have won fame, if it had not been for the help they received from the publisher. And when we speak of help we make no reference to mere assistance in money, or even in that business tact which it is the special province of the publisher to supply. We mean direct intellectual assistance, the kind of guidance by which a man is led to do his own special work in life, instead of frittering his energies away in vain attempts to do the work of other men. It is one part of the publisher's business—if he knows it aright—to discover the men who are really fitted to become the friends and leaders of the reading world, and to draw them into the vocation for which Nature has designed them. If it be only for what he does in this task of election and selection, the function of the publisher is one the importance of which is not to be estimated by mere rule-of-three. Nor is this the only way in which a great publisher makes himself the intellectual as well as the business partner of his clients. Let us look at this Catalogue again, and see how many of the brightest successes it records have been gained, not by individual books, but by the different series of works of a special character, for the production of which the Macmillans have long been famous. Whose was the brain in which the first idea of each particular series first sprang to life? Not always, we may rest assured, and probably not often, was it the brain of the man whose name figures as editor of the series; still more rarely has it been the brain of any of the authors of the books forming the series. Perhaps the genesis of any one series would be difficult to ascertain. It has germinated in the intellectual laboratory of the great publishing house where men are always striving, not to meet the needs of the public, but to anticipate them; not merely to feed the taste already formed, but to create an appetite which shall demand new food and indirectly create new forms of intellectual labour.

These are some of the reflections which will occur to any man of experience as he turns over the pages of a volume that does honour to many men; that sums up the results of fifty years of hearty and loyal co-operation between many great writers and a few keen and sagacious men of affairs, the results of which have been seen not only in the creation of more than one great fortune, but in the establishment of not a few brilliant reputations. We do not say that the publishers were in all cases indispensable to the authors, but neither do we affirm the converse, and on the whole a glance at this book ought to create in the mind of the literary novice a certain amount of suspicion when he is bidden, by those who claim to be his friends, to look upon the publisher as his natural enemy.

MR. J. M. LUDLOW.

ON Monday last Mr. Ludlow resigned the office of Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, which he had filled for sixteen years. It is a far cry from 1830 to 1875, but it is only the full measure of distance between the old and the new. In the former year John Tidd Pratt became the chief official, under Parliament, to administer Friendly Society law. He held that position for forty years, and then died in harness. He belonged to an old order of things, and continued to cling tenaciously to that order, refusing to give place to the new. When the older type of Registrar came into office, governments looked askance at large combinations of the working-men—the repressive enactments of the Seditious Meetings and the Corresponding Societies Acts of the last century were still in force against societies with branches, known popularly as the Secret Orders. Good work did the Registrar do for local bodies, and strenuous, though unavailing, were his laudable endeavours to reform the ways and methods of the collecting burial societies which came into existence during his tenure of office. But he could never take kindly to that type of provident association which the late Royal Commissions recognised as pre-eminently the creation of the aristocracy of labour, supplying, according to their own pattern, the machinery for their thrift-practice. Such a novel political doctrine as “trust the people” was to him an abomination, and subversive of all strong government for the people, under a benevolent autocracy. He could not countenance in any shape or form the rising democratic spirit of the fraternities of Odd-fellows and Foresters. In the language of the late Mr. Charles Hardwick, author of the “Manual for Patrons” (himself “a leader among men” in the Friendly Society world), the Registrar “seemed to think it his duty to treat the members of those self-governed Provident Societies much in the same light as the master of a union workhouse, a Militia drill-sergeant, or a governor of a convict prison, treat the specimens of humanity committed to their charge.”

It need not be said that all this was changed when Mr. Ludlow took office. Such a line of policy was altogether foreign to the Christian Socialist, the intimate friend and associate of Maurice and Kingsley, who, after a brief interval, succeeded the famous Registrar. Mr. Ludlow, before he took office, had received a unique training for the post. For four years he was the secretary of the Royal Commission, which, on Mr. Tidd Pratt's death, was appointed to inquire into the working of all kinds of bodies that came under the operation of the great enabling Friendly Society Act of 1855. It has become customary, nowadays, to minimise the work of Royal Commissions; very possibly because they have been made rather cheap, as it were, and used as sidings into which burning questions may be conveniently shunted while the signals are at “danger” to the powers that be. Such, at all events, was not the case with the Friendly Societies Commission; and the library of Blue Books from time to time issued during the inquiry testify to results of the most valuable kind. Notice has been taken of the unwearied patience and impartiality of the chairman, the “Sir Stafford” of Friendly Society members: his readiness to unlearn and to learn from the multitude of witnesses under examination; and his care for the best interests of all classes of societies, but, above all, for those of the Affiliated Orders. But we have not, as yet, been in a position to estimate the work done by Mr. Ludlow, first as secretary to the Commission, and then as Chief Registrar. The rank and file of members have not always (in the vexations attending registration) set the true value on his outspoken defence of their right to manage their own affairs untrammelled by irritating State interference, and his keen appreciation of the difficulties which beset the path of financial reform. And, even now, it will be well to pay heed to the warning—

“Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labour done;
Then bring your gauges.”

We must get to see the work a little better before we venture to measure its length and breadth. But since the way in which that work has been regarded by recent Parliamentary committees before whom the retiring Registrar gave evidence, and the not too courteous treatment he experienced at the hands of the members, had undoubtedly a good deal to do with his retirement, we will touch on some of its chief aspects. Mr. Ludlow showed scant sympathy with the system of State-Socialism which the many admirers in this country of Bismarck's benevolent despotism sought to introduce to, or rather impose on, the British workmen. The keen logic of his exposure of the bad finance and the impracticability of working, the outspokenness of his opinions as to the results of the Blackley National Provident Scheme to the nation at large—these gained for him hostile criticism in high quarters, among those who did not take it kindly that the Registrar should overlap the yearly boundary of his reports to break a lance with them on behalf of those voluntary mutual thrift institutions of the working classes that so especially appealed to his sympathies. The Parliamentary Committee on National Provident Insurance, after treating Mr. Ludlow with rather scant courtesy, sought to impose upon him certain duties which he believed to be inconsistent with his office, and apparently hinted that more might have been expected from him and his staff in the past. Mr. Ludlow, in meeting these charges, applied to the First Lord of the Treasury for a searching inquiry into the work of his office. As a consequence, a Treasury Committee was formed, and recommended an increase in the existing staff (which consisted of the Chief Registrar, the Assistant Registrar, the Chief Clerk, two first-class clerks, and five or six clerks, besides writers), by the addition of “a law clerk, one or two division clerks, and one or more boy clerks to replace men copyists where possible; the office hours being extended to seven.” It is hardly to be wondered at that the Chief Registrar, in view of these small mercies, the better consulted his reputation and the dignity of his office by a voluntary retirement, declining any longer to struggle through the work of a Government office undermanned and starved by the Treasury. Let us roughly estimate the amount of the work, and set it against the yearly sum allowed by the Treasury for carrying it out. First, the work itself: The office has to receive, overhaul, return for correction, tabulate, publish, and report on the annual reports and valuations, advise and listen to the complaints of the members, register the rules of, and exhort, reward, and enforce the law over:—

		No. of Members.	Worth of Funds.
Friendly and Burial Societies ...	25,000	7,000,000	£22,863,000
Co-operative	1,194	792,000	11,208,000
Building	2,544	570,000	50,778,000
Trade Unions	234	346,000	688,000
Loan Societies	33	39,000	273,000
Railway Savings Banks	7	13,000	893,000
	29,333	8,760,000	86,703,000

And the supervision and maintenance of this first line of national defence, effecting, as it does, a saving to the poor rates of some three millions annually, has to be carried on at a cost to the national exchequer of £8,087 per annum!

We have only space to add that Mr. Ludlow carries with him into his well-earned repose the good wishes of the many millions of his fellow-countrymen for whose benefit he has so long, and often so thanklessly, laboured; that these recognise his sympathetic insight into the “ways and means” of their thrift-practice; his zeal according to judgment for sound financial reforms; above all, his readiness to assist and strengthen the vast combinations of the British workmen for their mutual providence and protection, which his great predecessor did so much to thwart

and discourage. The Queen recognised the work and worth of Mr. Ludlow in commemoration of Her Jubilee. Would not a K.C.B. be a fitting stamp of approval to the close of his public labours? We venture to think it would.

HOMBURG, 1891.

THERE is no need to describe life as it is led at Homburg from the ordinary "kur-guests'" point of view. That you ought to rise at half-past six, but do as a matter of fact rise at half-past seven; that when you have risen you stroll about and around the Elisabeth Spring in company with the woman of highest social position, irrespective of age or looks, who is willing to be seen in your company; that at nine you return for what your doctor tells you should be a light breakfast, but is in fact a very heavy one; that after breakfast you sit in your hotel garden reading the London paper, and glaring at the man over the way who is reading the paper of opposite politics, until your mineral bath is ready; that you lunch and dine with your friends by their invitation and at your own expense; that you have a choice of amusements, such as music, tennis, and picnics to toil away the afternoon; that, if you are anybody who is somebody, you scorn the *table d'hôte*, and dine in a modification of your evening clothes with your hat on in the open air, the vulgar *table d'hôte* herd watching you the while; that you repair to the Kurhaus after dinner to parade the terrace, still in the company of the best-dressed old lady you can attach yourself to; that you dance a waltz or two inside with the prettiest partner whom you can find, irrespective of rank or breeding; that you wind up the evening at Brahe's, the confectioner's, exchanging stories, which narrators and listeners suspect to be false, as to the scandals of the day—to the general reader all this is known, and more also; and it is needless here to enlarge upon it. But Homburg has an inner and esoteric life which may be worth examining in its chief aspects.

There is a trite objection to Homburg that it is no use going abroad just to see the same people whom you have been meeting every day in London during the season. The main answer to this objection is that if any man affirms that he is in the daily habit of rubbing shoulders with the Prince, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Esher, George Lewis, Sir Charles Russell, Lord Hartington, Edmund Yates, Mr. Smalley, Captain Shaw, Lord Cork, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Lord Spencer, Dr. William Smith, Lord Justice Bowen, the Dukes of Abercorn and Buccleuch, Colonel North and Mr. Gillett, besides a host of ladies of corresponding distinction, he lies. He may be in the habit of associating with any two or three of them, but certainly not with all. The Prince himself is probably the only man in Homburg who can truly say that all sections of its society are familiar to him. Then, again, surely it is easier for a shy man to open a casual conversation with any one of these mentioned than with the average Cook's tourist, or the typical American, with the latter of whom you may fruitlessly open up a hundred topics before you find that elevated street railways or pork-packing constitutes the one subject on which he has anything valuable to say. Homburg society during August is a microcosm of English life with nearly all the bores and eyesores omitted. It is eminently interesting, and its charm is evidenced by the fact that unless a man or woman has been actually given a hint by Homburg society to stay away, he or she usually returns either annually or at intervals until death or marriage. Homburg detaches *habitus* from every bath in Europe. It seldom, if ever, loses a votary owing to the counter-attractions of another spring. Apart from the outsiders and adventurers who appear for a day or two and depart empty-handed, there are five classes of visitors at Homburg. There are first the Germans, who take the cure

seriously, dining early, supping lightly, and obeying the doctor's orders. Then there are the bulk of the English of the ordinary tourist type, who hob-nob with one another like tourists elsewhere, and take the cure as seriously as the Germans, except that they dine at half-past six instead of half-past one. Thirdly, there are the Americans. During some seasons these become fused with the English society set; but in 1891 they dwell in their own tents, the Prince and the English ignoring them. The American women are large, beautiful, sallow, and over-dressed. They use the vernacular to express their thoughts and wants. The American men dress and talk like English dragon officers, only more so. The American colony has its own amusements in the form of two coaches, which they practically monopolise for daily picnics—these daily flights from the sacred precincts of Homburg serving to conceal from themselves and the world the steady neglect with which the English society treats them. Fourthly, there is a whole society made up of the valets and ladies'-maids of the English visitors. This society enjoys itself the most intensely, because its members are not subject to the somewhat depressing influence of the mineral waters. It has its own picnics, dances, dinners, cricket matches, and tennis. Public opinion is less rigid here, and the human affections have a freer play, being spread more widely over a larger number of objects.

Lastly, there is the English society set, about 500 in number, which is under the double government of the Prince of Wales and a body of ladies, locally known as the Inquisition. These represent the secular and spiritual power, and their judgments are often at variance. The ideal position for a member of Homburg society is to be in the good graces of both; but, if this is impossible, it is better to be in the black books of the Prince than of the ruling ladies. If a woman is condemned by the Inquisition, the countenance of the Prince will not suffice to restore her to the first rank of Homburg society. At most it keeps her just afloat, and obviates the necessity of her quitting the place altogether. During 1891 a well-known and well-laughed-at member of London society has been able to put in a tolerably festive three weeks, notwithstanding his absolute condemnation by the Prince, simply because he stood fairly well with the Inquisition. The Inquisition consists of different individuals in different seasons, and is a self-elected body. It generally chooses itself, on the principle that ex-poachers are considered to make the best game-keepers. Whether the Inquisition had a hard task in originally purifying the morals of Homburg it is needless to discuss. Suffice it to say, that so thoroughly has it done its work, that nothing more remains for it to inquire into but such trivial heresies as alleged cases of a lady painting her cheeks, or giving a bachelor a drive when she ought still to have been sighing over the departure of her husband for England, or of two damsels of high degree condescending to play tennis with mere Queen's Counsel and Engineer officers. Of course, these remarks only apply to alleged offences at Homburg itself. If a lady appears on the scene who is supposed by her appearance or name to have had "a past," the Inquisition sends forth its outdoor officers—chiefly youths from the Bachelors' Club—to make up her record and drive her back to Frankfurt if material enough can be collected. The Inquisition performs a useful service in maintaining the old Homburg rule which discourages "entertaining," and repressing the aspirations of newly-enriched ladies who wish to force the passes of society by lavish hospitality. That each guest at a "Homburg dinner" pays his or her own shot is still the wholesome rule, which puts great and small on an equality, and leaves each man and woman to find his or her level according to their powers of pleasing.

As the Prince of Wales has been mentioned, it may be as well to say that nothing could be more blameless and dignified than his bearing and conduct during 1891. Frank and outspoken in talk, with a

ringing laugh, and a roll in his walk like the great King Harry, whom he more than ever resembles, he seemed to give the lie at every instant to the rumours of his embarrassments and *malaise*. For fourteen hours a day for twenty days last past he has lived in the sight of hundreds of his subjects, offending no one, making no favourites, equally genial and at home with all the diverse crowd whom he could recognise as his acquaintance, old or new. He has desired no extraneous means of amusement to be provided for him, living on the same victuals and sharing the same rather hum-drum amusements as the crowd—seeming best pleased when patting his faithful Spitz dog, now old, lame, and partly blind, or talking to a little child, or perhaps promenading with a strapping “lawn-tennis girl” of the English middle-class.

As after reading the foregoing, our readers will probably repair *en masse* to Homburg next summer, we may warn them that it is far the best plan to go into lodgings, which are now generally unobjectionable from a sanitary point of view, where you get more accommodation for your money, and where you are free to roam from hotel to hotel for your meals. The three hotels most in favour with the English for “Homburg dinners” and luncheons are Ritter’s Park Hotel, the Russie, and the Victoria. Each has a splendid open verandah looking on to a garden. But the Victoria makes a speciality of its garden dinners, where the guests have nothing between them and heaven but the foliage of its old trees. The garden of the Victoria, with its lamp-lit tables, each surrounded by a well-looking and well-dressed party, whilst waiters flit hither and thither under the command of the incomparable “Fritz,” is, perhaps, the prettiest sight of a Homburg evening. Ritter’s Park Hotel has owed its chief vogue to the fact that the Prince lunches there with about seven friends every day, and all the Americans crowd there to see him. At the luncheon hour, Ritter’s is thus a delightful sight, if you don’t happen to be hungry and want to be promptly served. In past years the Prince was, perhaps, most often entertained at dinner by his wealthy friends, such as Mr. Sassoon and Sir John Thompson Mackenzie, at the Victoria; but this year he has eschewed hospitality, and either entertained a few friends or organised a “Homburg dinner” at the Kursaal, which is said to have the best cookery in Homburg, but is not an eligible dining-place for non-royal persons, as there is too great a crowd and the delays are maddening. Up to the time of going to press, the fourteen hundred and eighty-five ascertained flirtations which have taken place in Homburg in 1891 have resulted in two engagements. One young lady has proffered her affections unsolicited to a widowed nobleman of patriarchal years, and the “Polizei” have expelled an unlucky beauty from the town because it was not satisfied as to her relations with a nobleman’s son. What between the Prince, the Inquisition, and the Polizei, it will be readily understood that Homburg is, during the summer, about the purest town on earth. Even the soldiers are men of respectable private character.

IN A SCOTCH SHOOTING-BOX.

II.—SUNDAY MORNING.

GLEN MURCHY, N.B.

IN my last letter I mentioned that the church is only a hundred yards from the inn. It is a “Free” church. There is an “Established” church four miles away, at the head of the glen, but thither go very few, and I notice that Lauchlan, the Keeper, points it out to the curious with his foot.

It is on a Sunday morning that we see best what manner of people we are living among; and then, too, do they take stock of us. For instance, Kew had a pint of champagne before starting for the Established church last Sunday, and they detected him as

they passed the window. He has fallen in consequence in public estimation; for though a “nip” of whisky may be drunk securely on Sunday (while the farmer’s horse is being harnessed), champagne is a gay drink, perhaps because the cork comes out with a pop. I went to the Free church, three of the ladies with me, and at the door an incident occurred which may be called characteristic. My companions were Mrs. Slateley, Mrs. O’Byrne, and Miss Jennings; and as we were about to enter, Lauchlan, who is an elder, addressed us in these words—

“There is no longer a plate at the door, mem.”

Only Mrs. Slateley, who has been here before, understood him sufficiently to answer—

“No plate, Lauchlan? Then is there no collection to-day?”

“There will be a collection, mem,” replied Lauchlan, solemnly, “but it will be by ladle. We have now a ladle, mem.”

This was Gaelic to me, but it had a meaning for Mrs. Slateley, who drew back from the church, and whispered to the other ladies. “I have forgotten my handkerchief, Mr. Anon,” she said to me, and without more words she returned to the inn, Mrs. O’Byrne and Miss Jennings with her. I put my back to a tombstone and waited for them.

“It will not be for her handkerchief that madam will have gone back,” Lauchlan said to me, calmly. “No, it will not be for that.”

“Then what will it be for, Lauchlan?” I asked.

“It will just be for her bit purse,” he said.

Then Lauchlan explained. Until this year there had been a plate at the door of the Free church, into which the congregation put their mites in passing. What each “gave” was not seen, and as a consequence (according to Lauchlan) some gave copper who could have given silver. The “shooters” ladies were noted for their niggardliness in this respect, for “ladies will be more careful of their sixpences than gentlemen.” So the plate has been done away with, and a “ladle” is passed round, into which everybody can see what you give. “And I thought it better to tell the madam,” said Lauchlan, “in case she will just have brought a penny up her glove.”

“Was the idea of the ladle yours, Lauchlan?” I inquired.

“I did not favour it at first,” he answered, “for it is an innovation. It was the minister’s idea, and he will have been put up to it by his wife, so they say. She will be a thrifty woman.”

“The minister,” it appears, gets the contents of the ladle.

We had set off for the church at the first tinkle of the bell in order to get a back seat. It is a very small church, with only two back seats, and they were taken possession of by other “shooters” long before the ladies reappeared. Bournan’s party from Dungen came in great splendour, also Sir Henry from Moor of Spinch, with quite a retinue; also nearly a dozen tourists, housed in the inn or in the neighbouring farms.

“And every one of them,” said Lauchlan, in a tone of gentle complaint, “wants to be put into the back seats. Not only that, but they will all want the corner seats.”

Mrs. Slateley and the others returned “with the handkerchief,” and we got seats in a pew in the middle of the church, from which, being long-armed, I could have shaken hands with half of the congregation. Propriety forbade my looking about me, but I defied propriety. First I looked for the shepherds’ dogs, of which I had read so much. Do we not all know in the south that his dogs accompany the shepherd to church, and set an example of piety even to their master? Nevertheless there was not a dog in the Free church of Glen Murchy last Sunday, and when I questioned Lauchlan on the subject afterwards (I felt that I had been defrauded), he asked in wonderment, “What for would the shepherds bring their dogs to the place of worship?” I daresay he now thinks that this is an English practice.

Nor must you picture the church resplendent with

Highland costumes. Of the half-dozen kilts I saw, all were worn by persons who had no right to them—that is to say, by visitors. So far as I can see, the national costume of the Highlander is now similar to that worn in Regent Street, though not so elegantly cut. It is the Sassenach who wears the kilt, and him you may detect by glancing at his knees. Lauchlan tells me that he and his friends all own kilts, but only wear them on occasion "to please the English ladies," or at the "gathering," a great athletic competition, for which there is already practice going on in the barn. You will be asking how the women of the glen dress on Sundays. Well, not in a fashion that would have pleased Flora Macdonald. I am not exaggerating when I say that, looking round the church, it is difficult to distinguish Lauchlan's sisters and cousins and daughters from the "shooters' ladies." I know nothing technically of ladies' dress, but I can see that the lady whom I know to be the precentor's mother wears a cloak very like Mrs. Slateley's, and that the post's sweetheart is in a "blouse" which cannot be distinguished (by me) from that worn by Miss Jennings. Mrs. Slateley has since told me that at Boat of Faggo, the nearest village, there is a dress-maker who goes to London yearly to study the new fashions.

I have no intention of epitomising the sermon for you (however much you wish it), but here is a conversation that took place between Mrs. Slateley and Lauchlan after we had left the church—

"I never saw so much silver given in the church before," said Mrs. Slateley.

"No, mem," said Lauchlan, who is only her servant on week-days, "but I will be thinking that some who gave silver will only get credit for pennies."

COUNTY CRICKET IN 1891.

THE match between Kent and Surrey closes the record of first-class cricket for 1891, and places Surrey indisputably at the head of all her rivals with a balance of ten points to the good, Lancashire coming next with four. In all, Surrey has played twenty-six matches, won nineteen, and lost only four. If we confine our view to county cricket, she has only to account for two defeats—at the hands of Somersetshire and Middlesex, the latter being clearly due to misfortune on the point of weather. Her superiority appears in nearly all the received methods of testing the results of county performances. Her leading batsman, Robert Abel, has an average of 43.13, beating Gunn by a fraction, and heading Shrewsbury, who was never able to make up for his failure in the early part of the year, by two runs. Her greatest bowler, Lohmann, just misses the headship of the averages, young Hearne having topped him on a record of 10.39 runs per wicket as against Lohmann's 10.87. The Surrey bowler, however, has the solid pre-eminence of scoring 132 wickets against Hearne's 118; while in all the matches in which he has played, his tale of wickets has—counting his wonderful record in the North v. South match at Scarborough reached 188, and if the season were to last another week it would doubtless go up to 200. For occasional brilliancy, the young Middlesex professional may beat him now and then; but for artfulness and resource, Lohmann is by far the ablest bowler which the last decade has produced, and the slight rise in his average of runs per wicket is simply due to the fact that he steadily adheres to the correct and courageous policy of never bowling merely for the sake of keeping down runs. He has now developed into a slow bowler with a very high and rather awkward action, and to hit him freely is always the riskiest of experiments. His young colleague, Sharpe, fell off towards the end of the season, but his place was immediately taken by Lockwood, whose great pace and power of breaking back make him in his most destructive mood the very deadliest trundler in

England. Except Abel, Lohmann, and Lockwood, however, Surrey has had nothing to boast of in the way of exceptional superiority in her play. She has won her matches by her great energy, by her magnificent fielding, and by her reserve of excellent batsmen, any one of whom, except Sharpe, may be trusted to come off on occasion. On the other hand, she has no two performers who can rival Gunn and Shrewsbury, or Messrs. O'Brien and Stoddart, for a display of scientific batting. Shrewsbury will nevermore be an interesting spectacle at the wickets, but Gunn is as pictorial as ever, and Messrs. O'Brien and Stoddart rank unquestionably as the two finest amateur batsmen of their day.

The moral of Surrey's pre-eminence is the obvious one that in a wet season, like that for which we are mourning to-day, the palm will go to the eleven which possesses the best reserve of bowling. Lancashire's second place is due quite as much to Mold and Briggs as to the singular power of such batsmen as Sugg, Ward, and McLaren. Middlesex owes her renaissance largely to Hearne, Rawlin, and Nepean. Sussex possesses in Bean the fastest run-getter in all England, and in Marlow and Messrs. Brann and Newham, three finished and thoroughly interesting batsmen, but she suffers from the fact that she possesses no bowler of first-rate quality. To wear the moral till it is threadbare, let us remark that Notts would hardly have fallen from her place of pride if Attewell had joined a little more "devil" to his correctness and charm of style, and if he had been backed by more reliable colleagues than Shacklock, Barnes, and Flowers, all of whom have in their later cricketing days become too erratic and expensive. Kent boasts a very fine and steady bowler in Martin; but her performances with the bat completely outshine every other feature of her play. Gloucestershire has stirred only the memories of a glorious past—Dr. Grace confessing to an average of just over twenty runs in an innings; and the great Western county must bide her hope of recovering her place in first-class cricket mainly on the advent of Mr. Ferris, and perhaps, too, on an apocalyptic vision of the greatness of "W. G." Yorkshire offers another, and one hopes a temporary, study in decadence; while Somerset, which has three reliable bowlers, two brilliant young University batsmen, a left-handed player of great power, and one of the best all-round exponents in England, is in the first flush of a remarkably brilliant youth.

The general moral of the season is that the absence of the Australians has on the whole conduced to the greater excellence of English cricket at the point of its characteristic weakness. More county matches have been played, and our amateurs and professionals have learned the immense advantage of constant play together. The result has been that English fielding has vastly improved, and that it is to-day far nearer to the level of Australian smartness. A year or two ago it would have been difficult to name an Englishman who stood in the same rank as Mr. Gregory. To-day Lohmann, Mr. Shuter, Abel, Gunn, and Mr. Stoddart are all in their different spheres up to the level of that strangely dexterous little performer, Abel and Lohmann have brought out the most astonishing catches of the year. Lohmann is indeed a treasure in any part of the field, whether he is stopping returns from his own bowling, or showing his miraculously wide reach in the slips, or stopping a lightning drive in the off-field. Another gratifying sign of recuperation is the growth of the free as against the safety batsman. It is Surrey, and not Notts, which now sets the cricketing clock. The Surrey men are sloggers by nature and choice. English cricketing may be said to have regained all its picturesqueness which a year or two ago it seemed likely to lose; and if this year's form is maintained for another season, we shall be able to render the completest possible account of the best eleven the Australians can send us. George Lohmann stands forth this

year, as last, as the finest combination of batsman, bowler, and field the world has ever seen—a player whose pluck, ardour, and intelligence adorn his profession and his country.

THE METHODS OF THE MAHATMA.

"WELL," said Mrs. Besant to the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "you can hear voices by means of the telephone, and receive a telegram which is actually written by the needle, not merely indicated by its ticks. The Mahatmas go a step further. With their great knowledge of natural laws, they are able to communicate with us without using any apparatus at all." The letters which Mrs. Besant received from a Mahatma in the Himalayas came, she allows, "in what some would call a miraculous fashion." "They were not received by post; they were 'precipitated.'" Her explanation, as quoted above, is truly beautiful. Its true beauty lies in its plausibility. "Why," it seems to say, "reject what I have told you? My Mahatmas have only gone a step further than you can go." But that one step takes us straight over the bridge between the material and the immaterial. That is why we must ask Mrs. Besant to pardon us if we pause and reflect.

We might, perhaps, be led to doubt one who argued in this way: "You can live by eating and drinking. I have only gone a step further, and dispensed with the apparatus. I live without eating or drinking." Or in this way: "You combine blue and yellow to produce green. I merely dispense with the yellow, and get an exceedingly vivid green from the one colour." Yet this is, practically, the method of the Mahatma. And if, when we desired to test the truth of these statements, we were told that a test was impossible—that it was never, never done—that it offended the delicacy of the person in question, we might get angry or contemptuous. Yet such a reply would also follow the method of the Mahatma. "I send letters in what some would call a miraculous fashion," says your Mahatma. "Do let me see," pleads the scientist. "Don't be so disgustingly indelicate," says your Mahatma, shrinking back again into his remote Thibetan shell. "The Mahatmas," says the Besantine authority which we have already quoted, "only communicate with pupils who will not unwisely divulge anything." "We've got a tommarter in our back-garden," says one small boy, proudly. "Show us it," says a young and sceptical companion. "I ain't allowed to show it to no one, 'cos it don't do tommarters no good to be stared at." One cannot wonder at the retort: "Gar'n! yer ain't got no tommarter." It was almost to be expected that the Mahatma should be told—as, indeed, he has been told this week—that he "ain't got no tommarter." Besides, we have heard that a certain member of the Psychical Society did once look over the wall of the Mahatma's back-garden, and still doubted. He had reason to believe that the phenomena—the miraculous phenomena—were arranged and cooked—Maskelyne-and-Cooked, perhaps we might say. No one accuses Mrs. Besant of deceiving, but there is still reason to believe that she may be deceived.

There is another point in the method of the Mahatma which calls for serious consideration. Every time Mrs. Besant receives a letter from India, precipitated, not posted, is she not—unconsciously, of course—defrauding our Post Office of fivepence, less the cost of transmission? If the Mahatma wants to conduct his correspondence in this way he must procure a special Act of Parliament. If his method became general the loss to the revenue would be enormous. It would never do to have Mary Ann in Bloomsbury running out to the nearest Mahatma to get her love-letters precipitated to her cousin at Clapham. The Mahatma need not use the Post Office unless he likes; but it is possible for him to be too precipitate. We know that the method of the

Mahatma is dark even as the method of the Heathen Chinese—we fear that it is deceitful; we feel sure that the Mahatma has only to extend his interference with the Post Office to get himself suppressed by the English Government, suppressed in a fashion which may appear to him miraculous. But the English Government will first of all require to be sure that he really has interfered.

The Mahatma question, like the Drink question or the Marriage question, flourishes most in the dull season.

THE WEEK.

SOME articles by M. JULES HURET which appeared in the *Echo de Paris* have been republished in a volume under the title of "L'Enquête sur l'Évolution Littéraire" (CHARPENTIER). It is a book written first of all to amuse its readers, and secondly to amuse its author. In spite of its grandiloquent title it consists of interviews—sixty-four interviews—in which Parisian belletrists are examined on their opinions of each other. M. HURET would have liked to call his book "Vanity Fair," but that title has been "dérobé d'avance par l'Anglais Thackeray." His inquiry, the author explains, does not put forward coxcombical theories on literary history; it reveals to the student of humanity the seamy side of genius, the deep-seated passions and the combativeness of a great many of the literary men of the day. M. HURET is quite well aware of the questionable nature of his work, but he has no doubt that psychologists and moralists will find it of value.

WHATEVER moralists and psychologists may have to say, the general public will find M. HURET's book sufficiently entertaining. The gravity, the pretentiousness of many of the "interviewees" is exquisite. M. PELADAN assures us that heroic psychology has been restored; M. JULES BOIS is of opinion that occultism is a deep and lasting certainty, which, with masculine violence and feminine intuition, flings itself headlong on the Absolute; M. SAINT-POL-ROUX-LE-MAGNIFIQUE, who must be a great man to have survived his christening, holds that he will receive more attention when he has shown the world that Truth is simply the scattered fragments of the primal Beauty shivered to pieces so long ago; and of this at least he is certain, that sooner or later the masses which groan to-day in the epharnaum of oncocephalic Convention will emancipate themselves towards the evident redemption. Good speed to them! M. GUSTAVE KAHN confines himself to more personal matters. The following detached thoughts, about three of his friends apparently, must be printed separately:—

MORÉAS has no talent,

CHARLES MORICE has not a bit of talent,

HENRI DE REGNIER has not the slightest suspicion of talent.

It is as simple as the egg of COLUMBUS: you break a man's head and call it criticism.

M. JEAN SIGAUX' "La Mandoline" (MARFON ET FLAMMARION) is a collection of memories of travel, impressions of the Franco-German war, subtle fancies, and love stories, most charmingly written. In a letter to his publisher, the author explains his choice of title. He learned upon inquiry that a mandoline was an instrument formed of a box bulging beneath, and a finger-board, the strings of which are twanged with a quill (*plume*). "That let me out (*j'étais sauvé*)," he says. "Have I done anything else in effect than scratch with a quill the sentimental chord, the heroic chord, even the philosophic chord?" He has done more; the chords resound sweetly, and vibrate long in the memory of the reader.

LET no one turn to CATULLE MENDÈS' new book, "La Femme-Enfant" (CHARPENTIER), in the hope of

finding a French Dora. It is a study of a girl prostitute, in which realism and poetry are strangely mixed.

M. JEAN DARGÈNE'S "Sous la Croix du Sud" is a capital story of adventure in New Caledonia.

To the Golden Treasury Series MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have added another volume of selections by DR. C. A. BUCHHEIM, entitled "Balladen und Romanzen." It is intended as a companion volume to the editor's "Deutsche Lyrik." DR. BUCHHEIM has given what he considers the best ballads of each poet, more especially such poems as are calculated to illustrate the characteristics and the progress of German ballad-poetry in each period, from BURGER to our own time. Those who are well acquainted with the poetical literature of Germany will doubtless miss some of their favourite poems, but they are reminded that collections of poetical pieces are like select companies. However careful a host may have been to invite the most desirable and most distinguished guests, some among the latter will always be disappointed that such and such a one was not included among the company. There seems to be some confusion here between guests and dishes, but the meaning is good.

A VOLUME containing "Rosmersholm," translated by CHARLES ARCHER; "The Lady from the Sea," translated by MRS. F. E. ARCHER; and "Hedda Gabler," translated by WILLIAM ARCHER, brings to an end MR. WALTER SCOTT'S edition of ISEN'S dramas. MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, the editor, notes that ISEN is the first writer of modern and (so-called) realistic plays, whose works have been completely and faithfully rendered into English. By "faithfully" we are to understand without adaptation, or any intentional departure from the text of the original. This is equally an honour to the dramatist and his translators.

IN 1890 there appeared in Vienna a book entitled "Freiland: ein sociales Zukunftsbild," by DR. THEODOR HERTZKA, a Viennese economist. Its publication immediately called forth in Austria and Germany a desire to put the author's views in practice. In many of the larger towns and cities a number of persons belonging to all classes of society organised local societies for this purpose, and these local societies have now been united into an International Freiland Society. A suitable tract of land in British East Africa, between Mount Kenia and the coast has been placed at the disposal of the Society, and it is expected that the actual formation of a Freiland Colony will not be long delayed. MR. ARTHUR RANSOM has translated DR. HERTZKA'S work under the title of "Freeland" (CHATTO), and it is anticipated that the English edition will bring a considerable number of English-speaking members into the Society.

IN two charming volumes MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. issue a third edition of PROFESSOR MAHAFFY'S "History of Classical Greek Literature." The first volume contains the dramatic, the second the epic and lyric poets. PROFESSOR MAHAFFY has remodelled the work, having availed himself of many suggestions and corrections supplied alike by sympathetic critics and adverse reviewers. Many notes are added, indicating materials which have since accrued for the study of particular authors, and which could not be conveniently embodied in the text.

THE vigorous polemic carried on in the pages of the *Times* between LORD GRIMTHORPE and MR. TALLACK on the subject of capital punishment, has incidentally had a certain amount of literary interest. LORD GRIMTHORPE began by falsely ascribing to DICKENS the well-known aphorism—"the worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him." His opponent courteously pointed out that it was BELWER, not DICKENS, who had used the trite phrase as the tag to one of his novels. Then LORD GRIMTHORPE triumphantly retorted that BELWER had only borrowed the sentiment from WILKES, and he in turn had to submit to another critic, who gave the words a still earlier origin. The truth is that the sentiment is as old as the movement against the punishment of death. As for LORD GRIMTHORPE'S announcement that the only living English novelist whose books he can now read is MR. BESANT, it is highly interesting to those who have been curious to know how so clever a man as the ex-Parliamentary barrister could so constantly commit himself by foolish sayings when he rushed into print.

THE changes in the arrangement of the statuary, etc., in the Greek and Roman galleries in the British Museum will soon be completed. DR. MURRAY is to be congratulated on the improvements in progress. It is not to be expected that every portion of the treasures in his charge should be rendered as perfect in its fragmentariness as the Nereid Room, so much admired by SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON; but wherever it is possible DR. MURRAY is changing discord into harmony. Indeed he may be said to be turning what in its arrangement was left little better than an old curiosity-shop into a true museum.

SOME of the more striking changes, such as the removal of the Lycian tombs from the entrance-hall, were referred to in these columns when they were determined on. The tombs, which were very awkwardly placed before, are being erected in the Mausoleum Room on either side of the staircase entering from the Nereid Room. This staircase, which is narrow and unimposing, has always been an eye-ore to DR. MURRAY. Now, descending between these two huge tombs, its confined nature seems to be accounted for.

IN the Mausoleum Room itself DR. MURRAY will make some very necessary changes. The columns at present in the centre will be placed in positions to balance the tombs; the fragments of the two colossal horses, which the uninstructed visitor supposes to belong to one statue, will be placed so as to avoid this false impression, and the statue of MAUSOLEUS will receive a position in keeping with its importance.

MANY exquisite fragments, statuettes, miniature groups, fountain-stems, candelabra, etc., at present hidden away in underground rooms, which have been closed to the public since the dynamite scare, will be employed to decorate the entrance-hall. The inscriptions on the walls of the entrance-hall are nearly all inserted. Those which are incomplete are in many cases amended; and the more indistinct inscriptions, which only an epigraphist can read, are to be filled in with red water-colour. Two statues—that of the EMPEROR HADRIAN, already erected, being one—are to flank the entrance to the reading-room, and opposite them will be placed the magnificent satyr-vase from the Villa of Hadrian, at present in the first Greek-Roman Room, and the equestrian statue of CALIGULA, which, with other sculpture also to be removed, now blocks the gangway in the Roman gallery.

TO the Roman gallery has just been added a new bust of which we believe this is the first public

Ir housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to prevent the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S "M.T."s, and refuse the foreign "M.T.s" which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

announcement. Some time ago a City gentleman informed DR. MURRAY that he had received from a correspondent in Italy a piece of ancient sculpture. DR. MURRAY signified his wish to see it, and on inspection found it to be an almost perfect bust of AUGUSTUS. It came to England fresh from the earth, and has never been exhibited before. It has, of course, been placed beside the other busts of AUGUSTUS, and a comparison of the three, representing the subject at different ages, would make a most interesting biographical study.

THE *Daily News* of Monday last announced the death of the most interesting animal in the Zoological Gardens, the well-known chimpanzee called "Sally." Poor "Sally," since her sojourn amongst us, had exhibited a degree of intelligence which entitled her to a high place in the animal creation, and secured for her the interest and sympathy of thousands of those who yearly visit the gardens in Regent's Park. She could count up to twenty, we are told, had learned to use a spoon in eating, and displayed a knowledge of the meaning of the words addressed to her by her keeper which caused that functionary to declare his belief that she understood everything about which he and others talked in her presence. This we may regard as the exaggeration of affection; but, unquestionably, "Sally" was a remarkable animal, and her death is a distinct loss to the Zoological Gardens.

A SEVEN-AND-SIXPENNY PORTRAIT.

ALONG the northern side of the town-quay, and facing the "Fifteen Balls" Inn, there used to extend a narrow lean-to roof, resting against the dead-wall of the harbour-master's house, and supported in front by three granite columns. This shelter went by the name of the Fishmarket, and was wisely pulled down a few years back to make place for a Working-Men's Institute, a red brick building where they take in all the chief London newspapers. Nevertheless, in some moods I have caught myself hankering after the old shelter, where the rain came through the roof, and the paving stones had been worn into pits by the feet of many generations, and where no notices were suspended to prohibit smoking. Talk in the reading-room of the Institute somehow lacks the old flavour: and I know the Fishmarket used to be worth visiting on dirty evenings about the time of the equinox, when all the town-folk assembled there—men, women, and children—to watch the high tide and the chances of its flooding the streets about the quay.

Early on a September afternoon, about two years before its demolition, a small group of watermen, a woman or two, and an irregular fringe of small children were gathered to the Fishmarket around a painter and his easel. The painter was a white-haired little man, well past the middle age, with a clean-shaven face, a complexion of cream and roses, and blue eyes which beamed an engaging trustfulness upon his fellow creatures, of whom he was ready to paint any number at seven-and-six a head. As this method of earning his living did not allow him to sojourn long in any one place—which indeed was far from being his desire—a great part of his time was spent upon the cheaper seats of obscure country vehicles. He enjoyed this life of perennial transience, and he delighted in the execution of the seven-and-sixpenny portraits which justified it; and was, on the whole, one of the happiest of men.

Just now he was enjoying himself immensely, being keenly alive, not merely to the crowd's admiration, but to the rare charm of what he was trying to paint. Some ten paces before him against one of the granite pillars there leant a woman of remarkable beauty—her figure tall, supple, full of strength in every line, her face dark and broad-

browed, with a heavy chin that gave character to the rest of the features, and large eyes, black as sloes, that regarded the artist and the group behind him with a sombre disdain. The afternoon sunshine slanted down the pillar, was broken by the mass of dark hair she rested against it, and ran down again along her firm and rounded arm to the sun-bonnet that she held dangling by its strings. Behind her shone the edge of the quay and the green water beyond, on which, three hundred yards away, lay a small schooner with her Blue Peter fluttering in a faint breeze.

"He's gettin' her to rights," observed one of the crowd.

"Three half-crowns is a whack o' money. It makes the heart sore to see 'em lyin' in your palm an' to say 'fare 'ee well, my sonnies!' But when once you've made up your mind to the little speculation, you never regret it—danged if you do."

"Then why haven't you been took, Thomas, afore this?"

"Because, as my name signifies, that little emmet o' doubt gets the better o' me ivery time. 'Tis like holdin' back from a public: you feel sure in your mind you'll be better w'out the drink, but for your life you durstn' risk the disappointm't. Over this small matter I'll grant ye that I preachs what I can't practise. But my preachin' is sound. Therefore I bid ye all to follow the example o' Cap'n Simon here, who bein' possessed w' true love for 'Liza Saunders is havin' her portrait took for to hang up in his narrow cabin out to sea, an' remind hissel' o' the charms that be at home a-languishin'."

"That's not my reason, though," said Captain Simon, a tall man, who stood by the painter's elbow.

"Then eat me if I knows what your reason may be."

"I'll tell ye when the picture's done," the captain replied, with a short glance at the girl beside the pillar.

"A couple of strokes and it will be finished," said the painter, cocking his head on one side and screwing up his eyes as he regarded his work. "There! I'll tell you plainly, friend, that my skill is but a seven-and-sixpenny matter, or a trifle beyond. It does well enough what it pretends to do, I'd have you know; but this is a subject that I never ought to have touched. I know my limits. You'll see, sir," he went on in a more business-like tone, "I've indicated your ship here, in the middle distance. I thought it would give the portrait just the touch of sentiment you would desire."

The faces were huddled round to stare. 'Liza left the pillar, stretched herself to her full height and came forward, tying the strings of her sun-bonnet as she advanced.

"That's she, to a hair," was Captain Simon's comment, as he pulled out his three half-crowns. "As for the *Rare Plant*, what you've put in might be took for a vessel; an' if a man took it for a vessel, he might go on to take it for a schooner; but I'd be tolerable sorry if he took it for a schooner o' which I was skipper. Hows'ever you've put in all 'Liza's good looks an' entic'ingness. 'Tis a picture I'm glad to own, an' be dashed to the sentiment you spoke about."

He took the portrait carefully from the easel and held it before him, between his open palms.

"Neighbours all," he began, his rather stupid face overspread with an expression of satisfied cunning—"Neighbours all, I promised to tell ye my reasons for havin' 'Liza's portrait took. They're rather out o' the common, an' 'Liza hersel' don't guess what they be, any more than the biggest fool here present amongst us."

He looked at 'Liza, who answered him with a puzzled scowl. She said nothing; but her foot began to tap the paving-stone impatiently.

"When I gazes at 'Liza," he went on, "my eyes be fairly dazzled w' the looks o' her. I allow that. She's got that build, an' them lines about the face

an' neck, an' them red-ripe lips that I feels no care to look 'pon anything else. That's why I took up wi' her an' offered her my true heart. But strike me if I'd counted 'pon her temper; an' she's got the temper of old Nick. Last evenin' the very evenin' before I sailed, mark ye—she slapped my ear. She did, tho'. Says I, down under my breath, 'All right, miss; we'll be quits for that.' But, you see, I couldn't bear to break the match off, because I felt I couldn't do wi'out the beautiful looks o' her."

The women began to titter and 'Liza's face to flame. But her lover proceeded with great complacency.

"Well, I was sore beset i' my mind till an hour ago, when—as I walked down here with 'Liza, half mad to take leave of her and sail to Rio Grande, an' likewise sick of her temper. I seez this gentleman a-doin' pictures at seven-an'-six, an' thinks I, of a sudden, 'If I can get en to make a picture of 'Liza's good looks, then I shall take off to sea as much as I wants of her, an' feast my eyes 'pon it whenever I choose. An' the rest of her, temper inclouded, can bide at home till I call for it: which 'll never happen. That's all I've got to say, neighbours. 'Liza's a beauty beyond compare, an' her beauty I worships from the bottom o' my heart an' means to worship. But if any young man wants to take her, I tell him he's welcome. So long t'ye all."

He took the portrait under his arm and strolled off to the quay-steps, where the boat was waiting to take him on board the *Rare Plant*. As he passed the girl he had thus publicly jilted, her fingers moved as if she meant to rush upon him and tear the portrait out of his hands. But she stood still and watched him, from under her brows, as he descended the steps. Then with a look round which subdued the sympathy which most of the men put into their faces and the sneaking delight which all the women wore on theirs, she strode out of the fish-market and walked resolutely up the street.

The little painter squeezed the paint out of his brushes, packed up his box and easel, and wishing the folks good-day, strolled back to his inn. He was sincerely distressed, and regretted a hundred times in the course of the evening that he had parted with the portrait and received the money for it before Captain Simon had made that speech. He would (he told himself) have run his knife through the canvas and gladly forfeited the price. As it was, the dinner it procured him left a bad taste in the mouth.

A mile out of the town, next morning, the van, in which he was the only passenger, pulled up beside a roadside cottage. A bundle and a tin box were lifted up to the driver, and a girl climbed inside. It was 'Liza.

The little man stammered out a word or two of greeting.

"I'm going to stay with my aunt, in Truro, and seek service," the girl announced. "Where are you bound?"

"Oh, I travel about, now in one place, next day in another—always moving. It's the breath of life to me, moving around."

"That must be nice. I often wonder why men tie themselves up to a wife, when they might be free to move about, like you, and see the world. What does a man want to tack a wife on to him, when he can always carry her image about?" She laughed, without much bitterness, though her allusion to Simon was evident.

"But ——" began the amiable painter, and checked himself. He had been about to confess that he himself owned a wife and four healthy children. He saw this family about once in two months, and it existed by letting out lodgings in a small unpaintable town. He was sincerely fond of his wife, who made every allowance for his mercurial nature; but it suddenly struck him that her portrait hung in the parlour at home and had never accompanied him on his travels.

He was silent for a minute or two, and then began to converse on ordinary topics. Q.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, September 10th, 1891.

"SYNDICATES" and "Literary Agencies" have their drawbacks, as Mlle. Ouida pointed out the other day. To begin with, they increase the writer's income, and (as that gifted lady put it) "the question of pounds, shillings, and pence must always chafe and jar when brought into connection with the children of thought." In other words, there is much to be said in favour of starving our authors. I will leave, however, to my unprofessional colleague, A. B., the task of saying it all: for I know nobody so well fitted, by attributes and accidents, to practise ultimate beneficence at the cost of temporary misconception. I am content to argue this only—that it is a mistake for any author to write a story with a view to its production in a "serial."

An article in last week's *SPEAKER* put the Editor's case very fairly. The Editor, it said, has to consider the views of the public he is addressing. "There are some merry jests in Mr. Thomas Hardy's 'Group of Noble Dames,' but anyone who compares the volume with the stories as they originally appeared in the *Graphic* will see that the editor of that journal exercised a very considerable liberty of excision. For this few will blame him. . . ." Quite so; nobody will blame the Editor: but it is clear, nevertheless, that Mr. Hardy and the Editor of the *Graphic* had different objects in view. And as soon as an author begins to write to order for any paper, it is clear also that he must—unless he is of the same mind with the editor, which obviously can rarely happen—sacrifice something of his independence. He must compromise between his business instincts and his artistic conscience. Now it makes a great difference to an author's income if the "serials" refuse to have anything to do with his book; and, on the other hand, it probably makes a great difference to his honesty if he writes with an eye to serial publication. And there is an attractive tendency to admire the literary man who despises gain in comparison with liberty to speak his mind.

"Syndicates" may be praised, at any rate, for one thing. They have improved the provincial newspapers. The remotest newspaper nowadays is not infrequently enlivened by a column of "gossip" from the pen of some distinguished man of letters. The syndicates which supply this column seem to be remarkably clever in choosing their writers. Mr. James Payn is one, and Mr. Walter Besant is another. And Mr. Besant, this week, has been discussing this question of literary independence from another side. Why, he asks, do literary men, however eminent, receive no mark of public distinction. Peerages are given to successful politicians, priests, and lawyers; baronetcies and knighthoods to eminent physicians, musicians, and painters. But, with the single exceptions of Lord Tennyson and, perhaps, Sir Theodore Martin, no man has received a title for his literary achievements. Even the cases mentioned are not real exceptions: for Lord Tennyson may, very likely, have earned his title by birthday odes rather than by his really great work; while Sir Theodore Martin obviously gained his reward (such as it is) by his "Life of the Prince Consort" and not by his "Bon Gaultier Ballads." No title was ever offered to Browning, says Mr. Besant, Meredith is not even a C.B., and Lecky is plain Mr. Lecky still. Why should this be?

Mr. Besant further points out that in America they give dignified political posts to their eminent men of letters, as if proud of them and desirous to exhibit their pride to the world at large. In England, on the other hand, no distinguished writer receives a political post of any dignity.

Of course if we admit that public services of all kinds are rewarded with equal fitness by titles, the whole state of things becomes too absurd. *Solvitur risu labitur* if we begin to urge that George Meredith and Mr. Lecky deserve better of their fellow-men than does Lord Cross—to leave inherited titles out of the question. If a bottle of Bass gets a peerage and "The Ring and the Book" does not, it must be beside the point to urge that the poem is worth more than the imperial pint. Some other reason must be found to account for the sort of men who attain to peerages.

Almost without exception, hereditary peerages are conferred for one of these reasons:—(1) The possession of wealth; (2) a useful but ended career in the House of Commons; (3) a punctual fulfilment of some office about the Court. As the first class is not only by far the greatest in itself, but also embraces at least a half of those who gain their peerages for reasons (2) and (3), it follows that the House of Lords is, before all things, an assembly of capitalists. Now the man of letters is seldom or never a capitalist, and therefore would probably be out of place there, and almost necessarily at variance with it. Further, the purpose of the House of Lords is legislation; and, as the ordinary man may be trusted to advance his own interests even if he neglects his fellows', it has come to be legislation in favour of capital. To set a literary man down to such duties as this is very properly considered a waste of material. It takes him away from work which (*cœ hypothesi*) is of particular value, to do work which any man can do if only he be sufficiently alive to the importance of protecting his own skin. And as self-preservation is the first law of nature, the task of providing a full Upper House without depleting the ranks of the useful professions is likely to be easy for a long time to come.

Still, it may be urged, Messrs. Meredith and Lecky might be offered baronetcies—distinctions which would claim nothing of their time, while marking the nation's opinion of their work. Baronetcies are frequently bestowed as a reward for real merit, even if peerages be not. Consider Sir Frederick Leighton and a number of eminent physicians. My colleague, G. M., has argued in THE SPEAKER that the capitalist's is the final word upon art in this country. It is he who puts up the price of bad pictures which he can enjoy, and makes them valuable, not for their merits, but simply because he likes to keep them to himself. If this selfishness rules the money rewards of painters it may also rule the distribution of titles. And certainly they would seem to go for work the advantage of which is as limited as possible. Everybody can own a copy of a book in these days, and have a share of whatever good it contains. Everybody can go to the play. But a painting can be owned by a single man, and therefore that owner's gratitude is increased towards the painter. Doctors receive their titles, not for a thousand skilful cures performed on common men, but for their assiduity when somebody of high position is afflicted with a trumpery sickness. Provincial mayors are confessedly knighted after the most accidental fashion; unless we believe that royal visits are paid only to those towns where the conscientious administration of municipal business has attracted the royal notice.

No doubt there is something to be said for this theory, that authors receive no titles because their beneficence is enjoyed by everyone who can read. Of course I don't believe it; but Mr. Walter Besant seems to be so much astonished at this neglect that one seeks for startling hypotheses to explain it. The real reason is probably the simple one which

must have occurred to most people—that an author is best left to speak his mind, and that a title is one of the surest means to gag him. Instead of crying out upon our prime ministers for offering no title to Mr. Froude or Mr. Lecky or Mr. Meredith, we ought to be sincerely grateful for the moderation of rulers in sparing us all. On this point, at least, they are probably wiser than we.

C.

REVIEWS.

MR. ABBOTT'S "PERICLES."

PERICLES AND THE GOLDEN AGE OF ATHENS. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, Author of "A History of Greece," etc. New York and London: Putnam. 1891.

THIS is the third volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" series; the first volume was Mr. Clark Russell's "Nelson." If it be not ungracious to compare the two books, we should say that "Pericles" is by far the more important and original: "Nelson" is the more successful piece of work. Mr. Abbott is an accurate and brilliant scholar; his pupils speak with enthusiasm of long conversations with him about all nooks and corners of Greek doings and writings; the world in general knows him as the author of many educational works and of a Greek History as unpretentious and simple as it is astonishingly learned. Every advanced scholar will find much to interest and instruct him in "Pericles," much that will surprise him or make him curious. But it is not for advanced scholars that the book is written. The series in which it appears is essentially popular. There are no notes, no references, no proofs of doubtful hypotheses, such as make the scholar's heart glad within him. There is a word to the wise—and we think, a very wise word—in the preface, stating briefly that Mr. Abbott has views of his own about Pericles, in marked opposition to those of previous historians. Then, not a word more to suggest differences of opinion; all is plain narrative and simple explanation. The publishers have also done their part in equipping the book for a popular series; it is full of useful reproductions of ancient statues, buildings, and scenery, and it bristles with ornamental modern woodcuts, most of them pleasing, one or two (*e.g.* on p. 289) as ugly as a nightmare.

Now, judging "Pericles" as a popular work, we have one serious fault to find with it—it fails to stimulate a student's enthusiasm. Was Pericles a great man, and was the Golden Age of Athens an interesting and attractive age? We believe that they were so; and Mr. Abbott really thinks the same. But this book leaves quite the opposite impression. Pericles, despite his idealism, is pedantic, bungling, unscrupulous; the Greeks seem all more or less savages, with more artistic skill, it is true, than most savages, but rather less chivalry and good feeling. Only for three pages at the very end of the book does Mr. Abbott let us even suspect that he reverences Pericles or any Greek. As a matter of fact, it is clear that he must really feel their charm, or else he would not have devoted a highly gifted and wonderfully productive mind almost entirely to Hellenic matters. It seems to us that Mr. Abbott is too constantly on the guard against his own admiration of Greece; he is so sure in his own mind of its essential greatness, that he thinks it scarcely worth dwelling upon; he only thinks it necessary to point out all the flaws. Most of these flaws really existed; we only complain that they are too much emphasised. We are reminded of the philosopher, who, having long and at last successfully wooed a lady celebrated for beauty, learning, and goodness, described her as follows: "My future wife has her nose slightly on one side; she is irritable when thwarted; and the dates are wrong in her essay on Spinoza. In other respects I have

no fault to find with her: in fact, she has certain qualities seldom to be met with elsewhere."

There are one or two points of detail in which perhaps the book might be improved in a second edition. On p. 223 the writing is obscure: "An attempt to recover Cephalenia turned out a complete failure." Mr. Abbott does not state who made the attempt, and it is not obvious from the context. On the top of p. 256 we hear: "All were expecting the fate of the Lencadians." But the Lencadians have never been spoken of. It should have been mentioned on the previous page that the foremost ship of the Peloponnesian fleet was a Lencadian. In another passage the reckless scoff of Aristophanes in the "Acharnians," where he calls two of Aspasia's maid-servants by a libellous name, is accepted for historical truth by Mr. Abbott, just as it was by the unceritcal or scandal-loving writers of late Greek times.

One more complaint and we have done. The great work of Phidias, the Athena Parthenos of the Parthenon, is known to us by two reproductions: a worn and imperfect figure found by Lenormant, retaining a remarkable stamp of majesty and charm; and a larger statuette found at Varvakeion, elaborate, full of detail, practically perfect in preservation, but of late and bad workmanship, coarse and unpleasant in all the spiritual treatment. Now it is particularly unfortunate that Mr. Abbott should give two very good woodcuts, front and side views, of the Varvakeion statuette, describing it simply as "Athena Parthenos," and not explaining that it is only in a very mechanical sense indeed a representation of Phidias's masterpiece. The reader who has grown to regard the Greeks as objectionable people only redeemed by a love of the beautiful will soon lose faith even in that one redeeming virtue, if he is given the Varvakeion statuette as a typical work of Greek genius. Lest we should fall into the same error which we complain of in Mr. Abbott's treatment of his subject, we must say in conclusion that, if the book is too depreciatory and cold to touch the imagination, it is certainly full of knowledge, full of judicious historical insight, simple in style, terse and vigorous, and eminently useful both to the advanced scholar and to the beginner in the clear and searching light it throws on the age of Pericles.

THE "GOLDEN TREASURY" UP TO DATE.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE BEST SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Selected and arranged, with notes, by Francis Turner Palgrave. Revised and enlarged. London: Macmillan & Co., 1891.

It would be a very untrue, as well as a singularly ungracious, thing to say of Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" that the author had played so long with a lovely toy that he had spoilt it. This was possibly our first thought about our one lyrical anthology in its newest dress; it is certainly not our second and third. On the whole, Mr. Palgrave's final revision, while it is, we think, mistaken in some textual readings and also in some omissions, presents a finer body of English poetry than the volume of 1861, more representative, more finely inclusive. To attain this result, however, sacrifices have been made which seem on the face of them needless, and in any case are to be regretted. It is a real bereavement to miss Scott's beautiful lines "To a Lock of Hair," with their pathetically simple ending:

"Yes, God and man might now approve me,
If thou hadst live-I and live-I to love me."

Nor are we reconciled to losing the perfectly phrased and compact "Why, Damon, with the forward day?" with its Horatian style and finely attuned note of melancholy; while the three omissions from the Shelley list are all regrettable. The beautiful, "Rarely, rarely comest thou, Spirit of Delight," is perhaps matched by the similar lines written among the Euganean hills, and the "Widowed Bird," is barely

replaced by a charming song; but the mystical hymn to the Spirit of Nature is in the purest Shelleyan strain, and is surely a classical poem in every sense of the word. Can it reasonably be held that the loss of these five poems is balanced by Lyte's "Agnes," which, with its faulty rhyming, reads like a prettier version of "She wore a wreath of roses," by Smart's line but purely rhetorical, "He sang of God, the mighty source," and by an over-full selection from Campion? If it was necessary to exclude in order to make room for new matter, would it not have been possible to omit either "Simon Lee," or the two Matthew poems, the former for preference? Wordsworth was too fully represented in the earlier editions, now there is more of him than ever. We regret too Constable's beautifully coloured "Diaphenia," and on the other hand could have spared one of the two pretty baby songs from Blake in return for "Tiger, tiger, burning bright," though we feel a doubt as to its perfect suitability. With regard to the complaint sustained by a very competent critic in a contemporary, that Mr. Palgrave has distinctly disimproved on his earlier readings of the text, we are content to mourn over the substitution of "a religious book or friend" for "a well-chosen book or friend," in Wotton's "Character of a Happy Life." In the earlier reading, the line had a kind of sacred fitness which it lacks in the sectarian bent that has now been given it.

Here, we think, the most captious criticism must end. Many of the additions to the crown octavo volume of 1890, and the smaller volume we have in our hands, are of surpassing beauty. "Kubla Khan" comes in very late, but better late than never. We had a right to see another poem by Vaughan, the magnificent "They are all gone into the world of light," one of the finest he ever wrote, and perhaps, also in the English language, Cowper's inexpressibly mournful "Castaway," the Ode on a Grecian Urn, and "London, 1802," though we doubt whether Wordsworth's Trossachs sonnet need have been included. The new poems enrich the precious gift with which thirty years ago Mr. Palgrave endowed our youth, and add a few more delights to the nectar'd sweets that lie in every page of the "Golden Treasury."

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY: AN ENCYCLOPÆD LEXICON OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, prepared under the superintendence of William Dwight Whitney, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Comparative Philology and Sanskrit in Yale University. In six vols. Vol. V.: Q to STROV. New York: The Century Company. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

WITH admirable promptitude the fifth and penultimate volume of this great work has been produced, and the completing sixth volume is promised before Christmas. The mere bringing out of the goodly tomes at the rate of three a year—we received the first at the end of January, 1890—is itself a creditable achievement to all concerned in the work; and when the variety and quality of its contents are taken into account, we have little but admiration to express for the labours of Professor Whitney and his band of fellow-helpers. To read a few pages only of the present book is a somewhat humiliating task to a man who fancies himself tolerably well-informed. He sees words of which he has never heard, is plunged into subjects of which he is wholly ignorant, and is made to realise what a poor limited creature he is. Then he grows spiteful, and sets himself to pick holes in his humbler. Knowing Professor Skeat's last, he turns to the word "rankle," and finds only that it is said to be the frequentative of the verb "rank," to become rank; while the adjective "rank" is referred rightly to the Anglo-Saxon *ranc*, proud, froward, etc. But Professor Skeat asserts that "rankle" has lost an initial *d*, and that it really comes from the Old French *draconcle*, *dranche*, which is the Latin *dracunculus*, little dragon; so that the word is analogous to

cancer, a erab, to "wolf," the gnawing disease lupus, etc. Our objector next turns to the "rest" of a plough—the wood on which the coulter is fixed—and finds the entry:—

"Rest, 6u. An obsolete phonetic spelling of *wrest*."

He recurs to his *Skat* again, and in the *Philological Society's Transactions*, 1888-90 (pp. 165-6), sees under "Rest, Rest":—

"I once thought this word was connected with the verb *to wrest*, but the initial *w* is due, I fear, to popular etymology. The A.S. word is *riost*, occurring in '*Dentalia*, sules *riost*' [the plough's rest], in the *Corpus Glossary*, l. 656; '*Dentale*, sule-*riost*,' Wright's *Glossaries*, ed. Wülker, 219/5; '*Dentalia*, sules *riost*,' *ibid.* 284/43. The *io* is long, as shown both by Provincial English *reist* and by the cognate Old High German *riostar* (Schade). Schade proposes to derive it from the root seen in O.H.G. *riutan*, to grub up; Icelandic *rythja*, to clear or rid the ground; cf. O.H.G. *ruoti*, cleared ground. See *Kid*."

Our humiliated friend feels cheered, and resolves to try the "Century" on its dates of the meanings of words. He knows Fielding's use of "romantic" in "Tom Jones," A.D. 1745, book 13, chapter 6:—

"The discourse turned at present, as before, on love, and Mr. Nightingale again expressed many of those warm, generous, and disinterested sentiments upon this subject which wise and sober men call *romantic*, but which wise and sober women generally regard in a better light."

And while believing that the word was used in this sense much earlier, he finds that the first authorities for it—as "chimerical, fanciful, as *romantic* notions"—in the "Century" are Keats and Archbishop Whately, seventy or more years after Fielding:—

"So fair a place was never seen
Of all that ever charmed romantic eye."

Keats, Imitation of Spenser.

"A *romantic* scheme is one which is wild, impracticable, and yet contains something which captivates the young."—Whately.

So the earliest quotation for "sortilege" in the "Century" is 1635, Heywood's "Hierarchie of Angels"; whereas Bradley's edition of Stratmann takes the word back to Trevisa's *Chronicle*, about 1390. And though like instances could be cited for almost every word in the "Century"—as they could be for very many in the *Philological Society's* "New English Dictionary," for which hundreds of readers have collected extracts—yet the man who is convicted of ignorance by the "Century" knows well that that dictionary does not pretend to give the earliest occurrence of every word, or to be perfect. What the book does convince every student of, is that it is the best of its class, an enormous advance on anything of its kind that has gone before it, and that it is a thoroughly practical, valuable book, which ought to be on the shelves of every library and man that can possibly afford it.

SYSTEMS OF PRIMARY EDUCATION.

TEACHING IN THREE CONTINENTS: Personal Notes on the Educational Systems of the World. By W. Catton Grashy. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1891.

"POPULAR Education is a subject which can no more be known without being treated comparatively than anatomy can be known without being treated comparatively." So wrote Mr. Matthew Arnold many years ago, and all experience justifies the remark. Unfortunately few of the many writers on the subject of education have treated it in this manner. We have Mr. Arnold's own writing and the valuable evidence he gave before the last Royal Commission. We have also a most useful publication of Foreign Educational Codes and Standards by Mr. Sonnenschein. To these we may now add the work before us, "Teaching in Three Continents," which is not only an interesting account of the state of public elementary instruction in America, Europe, and the Australias, but is a sound and sometimes a severe criticism on our English methods of educating children, the means employed to test the value of the teachers' work, and the course of training for teachers in schools and colleges. The author is an Australian, and though not actively engaged in edu-

cational work at the present time takes, as he tells us, a deep interest in the subject, especially as it is developed in America, "where the conditions of life have been in so many respects similar to those which surround us in Australia." A valuable introduction is added by Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education at Washington. The contrast by Dr. Harris between the schools of the United States and those of Germany, applies equally to English and German schools. The difference lies chiefly in the aim sought: but this affects also the methods in use. "The Germanic nations are knowledge-loving, the Anglo-Saxon nations love adventure and the exercise of will-power." Hence the German lays all stress on the process of awakening the pupil's mind intellectually; the Rumanic and Anglo-Saxon nations have laid more stress on prescription.

The volume is made up of thirteen chapters, in which the distribution of matter is not as orderly as it might be. The whole contents may be roughly divided into three parts—public provision for education; the character, aim, and methods of the instruction given in the schools; and, further, the training of teachers, both as regards methods and cost. Of the first part nothing need be said, the second and third parts only being strictly educational. But in respect of provision, the author is of opinion that—

The English people are better provided with elementary schools than their cousins in America; and no group of American States can be taken, containing an equal population, where such a large majority of the whole school population—of, say, from six to thirteen—are attending school and receiving the rudiments of knowledge.

He adds that the schools are not nearly so good as the friends of true education wish; but as "free education will shortly be an accomplished fact," he thinks "the partial absorption of the Voluntary schools by the Board schools will necessarily follow, and further facilitate the abolition of what have been the cause of so much evil—result examinations and grant payments."

To this subject of *result examinations* a chapter is devoted. The plans followed in the three Continents are briefly and clearly explained. In the United States the English system is unknown, and the work seems to be better done, while the tests are quite as effective. Certainly the system which has been in existence in this country for the last thirty years, and known as "payment by results," is the worst ever devised. It is, perhaps, not too strong an expression to say that it demoralises both teachers and children. It is almost purely intellectual and literary; it takes no account of character; and its rewards are, like its processes, mechanical.

To practical educationalists the most interesting chapters are those devoted to methods of instruction, and especially to what the author calls the New Education. By this term is denoted the attempts now being made to supersede the literary schemes, on which most elementary codes have been constructed, by methods which allow of manual work in one or more of its many kinds.

The movement is variously known as Technical Education, Practical Education, Industrial Education, Whole Education, Utilitarian Education, Hand-and-Eye Education, Manual Training, and the New Education. Its various advocates do not agree either in their reasoning or their demands; but this is neither to be wondered at nor altogether deplored. It matters little by what name it is called, if the children get it; and get it they will, if their teachers have the wisdom to guide and the will to work.

It seems to be an answer to the demands of writers like Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley, that in some simple and practical way the methods of science should be introduced into the elementary schools. Its value lies in its strictly scientific method, apart from the worth of the work done. This method may be applied in the play-games of the infant classes, and may be made continuous and progressive through all the stages intermediate between them and the laboratory.

Of the Kindergarten as an English institution, Mr. Grashy does not speak very highly. He tells us that in England he "saw an abundance of Kindergarten work, but not a Kindergarten." This is the

more surprising as the age at which infants are permitted to attend school is lower in England than in any country in Europe or any State in America. But, on the other hand, the exigencies of the yearly examinations are greater, and teachers get into the habit of teaching babies as little intellectual machines. The true Kindergarten spirit and aim are lost in a school the teachers of which like to have the children as young as possible, because they are the better prepared for the examinations of later years. And this was the explanation given by a mistress of an infant school to an inquiry by the author as to the reason of giving sums to babies.

In Germany and America there are actual gardens for children, in which a knowledge of flowers and their growth is gained by actual observation. Direct instruction is not the aim of the teachers, but the methods of Fröbel are used as a means of training all the faculties of the child—physical, intellectual, and moral—in a way so harmonious and gradual that intelligence is awakened and character is formed. Many of the defects which are at present in the infant schools of this country are in course of removal. The attention which is now being given to technical instruction is directed, in the first instance, to the youngest classes of the elementary schools. What is called "Hand-and-Eye Training" is surely laying down education along natural lines. The senses of the child are called into operation, and no idea is presented in an abstract manner, but in a form which can be perceived and verified by the child.

On Technical Education, properly so-called, our author has much information to give, that will be found of use to the practical and theoretical educationalist. We are constantly warned that we shall not hold our own in the world's markets if we do not train our children in manual and technical methods. The first question for us is, What is the best method of manual and technical instruction? Occupations called industrial have long been practised in this country, but chiefly among the classes that are least intelligent and of doubtful morals. To introduce wood-chopping into boys' schools and needlework amongst the girls will not help us very far forward in European competition; and yet these elementary arts have been, and are still, relied upon by many managers of schools as sufficient. Technical and scientific training, properly speaking, cannot be given in the elementary schools. They belong to the higher and secondary schools, in which the pupils are at work from fifteen years of age to seventeen or eighteen. Much may be done in the elementary schools by way of introduction to the secondary schools, and much has been done in Germany and the United States. But the work of the elementary school always differs from that of the secondary in this respect—that in the latter the aim is the preparation of the scholars for some particular trade or industry; in the former, it is the cultivation of the general intelligence and the development of manual dexterity. The chapter devoted to this subject is full of information of a kind most needed by teachers—that of time-tables, courses of study, and notes on the management of both classes of schools. The accounts of industrial training in Paris, of manual training in St. Louis, and the experiments now in operation of the City and Guilds of London Institute and the School Board for London may be specially mentioned as worthy of attention.

Comparing the English elementary teacher with the American, Mr. Grasby is in favour of the latter, though he is for the most part what is technically known as untrained.

The special feature of the English teacher is technical skill in practical teaching; that of the American, in educated and cultured mind. The time one has spent in teaching or learning to teach, the other has spent in study. The one has all along been subject to the influence of a narrowing occupation, and now oftentimes considers himself well-nigh perfect in his art, the other has been under the influence of a liberal training, is well versed in the principles of education, has had little practice in teaching, but is fully conscious of the fact, and therefore ready to take advantage of every means to

compensate for its lack. A conscious ignorance is often better than a self-satisfied knowledge. The one is a continuous antidote against itself; the other, the mother of petulance and prejudice. The social conditions of England make the attainment to the position of school-master one which many teachers and their friends look upon as sufficient progress in the social scale to warrant the assumption of airs which often afford considerable amusement to visitors used to democratic surroundings and ideas.

Elsewhere we are told that—

The American teacher more frequently studies Herbert Spencer, Frobel, Horace Mann, Pestalozzi, Payne, Sully, and Fitch; while his English cousin prefers works bearing on "How to gain 100 per cent. in Arithmetic," "How to Prepare for Examination," "Practical Aids to Teaching," etc.

What truth there is in these contrasted pictures the English teachers will determine for themselves; but assuming that there is some reality in them, we may well ask ourselves whether the cost to the English Exchequer is worth this product of the training colleges. The profession of elementary teacher is now, by comparison with what it used to be, a lucrative one. It is, we believe, the only profession which may be entered free of all cost to the candidate. As a scholar, a child is free from fees; as a pupil-teacher, he or she begins with a sound secondary education, not only gratis, but carrying a slight weekly wage for services rendered in the schools; at the conclusion of the pupil-teacher course, the training colleges, subsidised by the State, receive all who have successfully passed the entrance examination and can afford the entrance fee. "The custom of having residential colleges is not followed," we are told, in America. This is an experiment that might be tried in this country. Classes for teachers might be attached to the colleges now existing in our large towns and university cities; and in these special attention might be given to the science and history of education.

We have by no means exhausted this interesting volume, but we have touched its chief points of interest, and commend it to all who feel that sound methods of instruction are of great importance next to the influence of the teacher, and that the soundest practicable methods we have not yet attained.

STORIES.

A HUMAN SPIDER. By Edith Henderson. London: Digby & Long, 1891.

BURIED IN THE BREAKERS. By Mrs. Comyns Carr. London: David Stott, 1891.

A MINIMUM WAGE. By Alfred Morris. London: Cassell & Co., 1891.

STORIES OF SENTIMENT. By H. Kains-Jackson. London: Elliot Stock, 1891.

SHE was a girl, fascinating as few women are, and one to whom everything in life was strangely real. To her, love, pleasure, and pain were no mere names, for she felt everything intensely, and lived every moment of her existence. She was ambitious, too, and sang to the usual sea of unknown faces at the Steinway Hall. She held her listeners spell-bound with an Italian song, but hardly did herself justice till she went on to sing an old English ballad, quaint and dreamy. Then, of course, she forgot her hearers and everything but the song itself: and when it was ended, she fainted.

There was no medical man present—it is curious how doctors shun these entertainments—so Eustace Villiers, a young man who had studied medicine for his own amusement and was engaged to another girl, volunteered to restore her to animation. And when his dark earnest eyes gazed down into hers and she murmured "Where am I?" he forgot all about the other girl. And, soon after, the other girl caught them making love in the conservatory, and the engagement was off.

But Audrey Moore, the songstress, told Eustace Villiers that she could never be his. And though he cried, "My darling, what is wrong?" and "My God! What do you mean?" and "We cannot part like this!" and all the rest of it, she would not tell him: for she was a shilling heroine and had only come to page 73. So they took one last long lingering kiss;

and when she heard the street-door shut she gave a low cry and fell senseless on the floor.

For in Paris and an unguarded moment she had already been married, "in a dim church," to a Human Spider. He was called Jacques de St. Aire, and tried hard to be as French as his name. He said "*Au revoir!*" and "*Tout vient à celui qui sait attendre,*" and "*Sapristi!*" and "*pas si bête,*" and was "one of the greatest *roués* of the day." He threw in a little fancy mesmerism, which, however, he failed to make an integral part of the story. In her girlish innocence Audrey had fancied that she really loved this man. (Ah! if these innocent girls would only read a novel now and then!) But a few weeks of marriage had cruelly awakened her. They had separated. Still, under the circumstances, she did right in telling Eustace Villiers that she could never be his.

But scarcely did Eustace retire, heart-broken, before the Human Spider sought out Audrey, and announced that she had never been his wife, but only (as the authoress delicately puts it) his "plaything." The marriage in the dim church had been a fraud. He was sorry to announce this: but the fact was, he must marry again—for money. Then he gave a low, taunting laugh, and Audrey said, "You have done your work well, Monsieur de Saint Aire; I congratulate you" and went out, out into the driving rain and sleet. But Eustace found her and said "My poor darling! how could you think it would make any difference to me, except that I love you ten times more?" So he married her. And they were happy? Ah, wait!—for we are only at p. 138.

The Human Spider turned up again and announced that he had made a mistake. The ceremony in the dim church had been legal after all; and Audrey, therefore, had committed bigamy. Eustace was away upon a journey at the time, and came home to find a letter on his dressing-table. It said "Good-bye, sweetheart. Good-bye for ever!" So Eustace cursed his fate, and went out to seek for his lost darling. And on his way somebody told him that no English subject could be married abroad except in the presence of an English consul. So he rushed to Paris, and found out that the ceremony had really been a fraud and the officiating priest "anything but a dignitary of the Church." Then home he returned, and found his wife on the shore at Eastbourne; and they gazed into each other's eyes, and sealed anew their marriage vows with a kiss of perfect love and happiness. And thus the Human Spider was "foiled."

Of a very different quality is Mrs. Comyns Carr's "Buried in the Breakers"; though why it should be called by this clap-trap title is more than we can say. It is a tragic little tale, simple in construction, and dealing with the simplest characters; and it is told with much intensity of feeling. The catastrophe is gloomy, but does no violence to the reader's emotions. It is rendered duly inevitable by the scenery rather than by the characters themselves. All who have considered the art of such stories as "Wuthering Heights" or Mr. Baring Gould's "Mehalah," have felt the skill with which the scenery of each is used to give entire appropriateness to a catastrophe which, in a London suburb or a smiling Devonshirecombe, would be merely monstrous. And this use of locality has undoubtedly been mastered by Mrs. Comyns Carr. She employs the direct and easier method, and gives us some long descriptive passages at the outset; but their carefulness and delicacy of language prevents any sense of tediousness. They are excellent both as pictures of the coast-land in the south-eastern corner of this island, and as a setting for the story she has to tell.

At the same time, in the two books we have mentioned it must be noted that the characters, as well as the catastrophes, take their colour from the scenery. In Mrs. Carr's tale, on the other hand, the characters might hail from some blameless Norwegian village, so far are they from being subdued to their

surroundings. This—if we except a smuggling episode which acquits the writer of any intimate acquaintance with the contraband traffic—is the great mistake of the story. Paul Crew is a good man, and his wife a good woman. But mere virtue is (as we all rejoice to own) widely distributed, and hardly to be considered as the distinctive characteristic of any spot, with the possible exceptions of Mr. Mudie's premises and Piteairn's Island. In truth, Paul and Phoebe Crew would seem a trifle commonplace, were it not for Mrs. Carr's skill of language. As it is, their tragedy is deftly handled, and the pathos of it undeniable.

It was an unhappy moment in which Mr. Alfred Morris determined to cast his ideas about "A Minimum Wage" into the form of a story. In a pamphlet they might have had a real success; and the desire to treat them (or the thoughts of any earnest man upon social questions) with flippancy is far from us. But if a man calls his book a novel, we are bound to consider it as a novel; and in this instance we are forced to curse where we would willingly have blessed. "Having arrived," says Mr. Morris in his preface, "at the conclusion that nothing but State Intervention with regard to the remuneration of labour would effectually solve the great social problem, and feeling sure that to attain this end the movement would have to emanate from the working-classes themselves, I resolved to present my ideas in the shape of a story containing characters from real life. . . ."

A more vicious misconception of the whole art of novel-writing was never more ingeniously confessed. Let us inform Mr. Morris that the novelist who respects his calling does not seek to impose his theories upon "real life," but begins by observing real life with humility and ends by letting it work out its own story. Mr. Morris's plan is to provide half a dozen characters as pegs for so many sermons and lectures, and to season these up with a mysterious resemblance between twin-brothers, a few conventional complications, and a little love-making. His people swoon about and burn each other's letters unread, and remain in hiding for no earthly reason, all quite in the style of the good old *London Journal* fiction. With "real life" they have not even a bowing acquaintance. We suggest that the only way in which a novelist can help his fellow-men to solve the great social problem is to record the truth about society; and that to start with a dogma, and invent data to prove it, is not only an offence against art, but a hindrance to enlightenment. If Mr. Morris must write another novel, let it deal with the men and women whose lives, as observed by him, led him to hold his extremely interesting theories. For the arguments of a hundred lay-figures will not convince so readily as will one humble page that exhibits, without comment, a fact or two concerning human life.

Mr. Kains-Jackson informs us that his "Stories of Sentiment" were written "in relaxation of Agricultural and Statistical work." We hope the relaxation was good for Mr. Kains-Jackson's health; but until we have seen that gentleman's tongue we hardly feel competent to say how far these stories have fulfilled their author's purpose. Judged as literature, rather than as patent medicine, they are not worth the half-a-crown charged for them. The weary agriculturist or exhausted statistician may find it a "nice resource" to dabble in art. Pleasant it may be to cast off the hob-nailed boots, to set up the pitch-fork in the corner, and, in the delightful habitude produced by violent exercise in the open air, to turn out a little fiction: pleasant, too, when the brain is fogged by row upon row of figures, to shut the ledger and dash off a bit of imaginative writing. Literature, after all, exists for the service of mankind; and may be butchered, as righteously as sucking-pigs, to make an agricultural holiday. But if Mr. Kains-Jackson wishes to be considered seriously, let him send us, next time, a sample of hops of his own growing.

THE MAGAZINES.

APART from Mr. Gladstone's political forecast in the *Nineteenth Century*, the articles which will be found most generally interesting this month are Professor Tyndall's "Origin, Propagation, and Prevention of Phthisis" in the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Froude's "Spanish Story of the Armada" in *Longman's*, and an anonymous article by a Frenchman on "French Hypocrisy" in the *New Review*.

The first of these is a review of M. Cornet's researches in phthisical disease. The French physician would seem to have established conclusively that the breath of phthisical subjects is not infectious, *i.e.*, does not contain tuberculous bacilli; that consumption cannot possibly be inherited; and that the sole source of the disease is the sputum of the sufferers.

The industry and patriotism of an officer in the present Spanish Navy, Captain Fernandez Duro, have at last supplied a fully detailed Spanish account of the most dramatic incident in English national history. It is from the signally curious and interesting collection of letters and documents made by this officer that Mr. Froude tells "The Spanish Story of the Armada;" and a strange story it is, of bigoted enthusiasm, of pedantry, incapacity, and a want of common sense inviting disaster, with the melancholy Philip II. for Don Quixote, and the dull, anxious Medina Sidonia as Sancho Panza. Mr. Froude fixes our attention with his old ease and force, but the famous style grows a little ragged. The repetition in "whose influence was supposed to have influenced Philip in favour of her son-in-law," and the looseness of construction in "he gave him a list of the English force which he might expect to meet, which was tolerably accurate and far inferior to his own," should have been corrected by the printer's devil.

For obvious reasons, the author of "French Hypocrisy" does not publish his name. One cannot think without a shudder of the fate of the Frenchman who would dare to say over his own signature, as this one does anonymously, that there are many virtuous people in France who turn hypocrisy upside down by wishing to be thought immoral; that France is one of the most illiberal of countries in everything relating to the civil status of woman; and that French patriotism is often that hypocrisy which is the homage rendered by common sense to foolishness. The paper is sprightly, and proves that the parable of the bean and the mote is eternally true. In these days of examinations, there is one which is too much neglected—the examination of the conscience.

Of the numerous biographical and critical studies Mr. William F. Apthorp's "Johann Sebastian Bach" in the *Contemporary*, and Mrs. Arthur Kennard's "Ferdinand Lassalle" in the *Nineteenth Century*, are the most brilliant. Mr. Apthorp draws a fine illustration from literature. Shakespeare is visible to all; he sits upon a hill, and his rays dart down to the depth of every valley; Dante is below the narrow intellectual horizon of the many; to bring him within the range of our mental telescope, we must stand on the mountain-tops. Bach is the Dante of Musicians. He had as great a specific genius as was ever possessed by any man, coupled with the most complete mastery over the techniques of his art that has ever been known. He had a strongly characterised individuality. He had the foreseeing spirit that anticipates new æsthetic points of view, and he came into the world just at the right time to find the exact task awaiting him he was best fitted to accomplish. Hardly any composer has had so small a public as he; and yet no composer that ever lived is held in profounder and more loving reverence by those who do know him. Mrs. Kennard writes enthusiastically of the luxurious Dives who spent his life in helping Lazarus, and with a just appreciation of the great work the man achieved. Had Lassalle effected nothing for the welfare of

humanity beyond giving method to the inarticulate cry for help uttered by the starving weavers in the land of his birth, or beyond issuing the celebrated programme to the working-men at Leipzig on which all industrial agitation has since been based, he would have deserved well of his century.

Certainly the most curious, if not the most attractive, literary paper is Mr. William Archer's "Pessimist Playwright" in the *Fortnightly*. It is an account of Maurice Maeterlinck, who has been called in France a Belgian Shakespeare; Mr. Archer would suggest him to us rather as a Webster who has read De Musset. Maeterlinck's dramas are the work of a potent if morbid fantasy, and of a strange and subtle literary talent. Mr. Archer translates numerous passages to indicate Maeterlinck's power and method. Mr. J. H. McCarthy, who writes of Maeterlinck in the *Gentleman's*, does not think so highly of him as Mr. Archer.

Mr. P. H. Wicksteed has something fresh to say of Ibsen in the *Contemporary*; the paper on Ibsen in *Temple Bar* is not so fresh; Miss Julia Wedgwood in the same magazine writes as a superior person of Laurence Oliphant; Mr. C. J. Hamilton discusses Pestalozzi sympathetically in *Macmillan's*; Mr. F. D. Sherman admires Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the *Century*. Mr. E. Bayford Harrison writes a most interesting paper on Pascal's sister in *Newbury House*; Mr. H. Schütz Wilson has in the *New Review* a memorial notice of Körner, who was born on the 21st September a hundred years ago; Lord Wolseley begins a biography of Moltke in the *United Service Magazine*; and Mr. Sidney Low is learned in the *Fortnightly*, whilst Mr. Bret Harte is bright and charming in the *New Review*, over Lowell.

Mr. Frank Harris's versatility in fiction is remarkable. His "Triptych," studies of mining life in America, contains three etchings as powerful as any by the acknowledged masters of this *genre*. The most impressive piece of fiction this month is, however, "The Romantic Episode in the Life of Miss Charlotte O'Mara," by Hannah Lynch, in *Murray's*. In description, in analysis, in dramatic force and the general quality of the writing, it is far superior to the average magazine story. "Was Lord Beaconsfield the Sun—a Lecture in the Year 3000," by J. A. Farrer, in the *Gentleman's*, discusses Di-racel as a solar myth, with comical gravity. "Poor Sir John" (*Argosy*), by the author of "Mrs. Jenningsham's Journal;" "Two Jealousies" (*English Illustrated*), by Alan Adair; "Salome" (*Macmillan's*), and "Zeki" (*Century*), by Matt Crim, are all readable.

No article in the month's magazines deserves more careful attention than Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Survey of the Thirteenth Century" (*Fortnightly*). It is a splendid and thoroughly equipped piece of historical criticism. The thirteenth, probably the most remarkable century in the world's history, is the last of the true Middle Ages and the first of modern society. Its keynote is the harmony of power it displays—an age uniting aspiring intellect, passionate devotion, and constructive power. "An Old Greek Historian of Britain and the Teutonic North" (*Fortnightly*) is an account by Karl Blind of Pytheas, the Humboldt of Antiquity, Strabo's *hæte uoie*, and the subject of a novelty William B-shrends. Mr. Massingham's "The Nationalisation of Cathedrals" (*Contemporary*) is commented upon in another column. Two papers which must be mentioned are Mr. Aubrey Herbert's characteristic "Last Bit of Natural Woodland" in the *Nineteenth Century*, and a most interesting account of "The Decisi," an Italian secret society, in the *Monthly Packet*. Mr. G. W. Bulman's "Fittest or Luckiest? Which Survives?" in the *Nati and*, although closely argued, is a thoroughly readable paper. Mr. Bulman wishes to point out that the Darwinian assumption, that slight individual differences determine which shall survive and which shall perish in the struggle for existence, has not been proved. "Unionist," who writes the anonymous political article in the *National*, beats the air with abortive vigour.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

COURAGE and common sense are both conspicuous in Mr. Bowen's vigorous and practical lectures on the teaching of "English Literature in Schools." He advocates the study of literature as literature, and by that he means the study of a poem or prose work, not merely for the sake of its substance, its form, and its style, but also for the sake of the thought, imagination, and feeling to which it gives expression. Whatever the teacher may do for his pupils by means of critical notes, historical introductions, or the exposition of practical difficulties, he must seek beyond all else to lead the young students about him, not away from the text of the book they are studying, but back to it with fuller appreciation, quickened intelligence, and new zest. Mr. Bowen protests against degrading the masterpieces of English or foreign literature into mere quarries for vocabulary construction, philology, and the like. He urges teachers, in short, to lead their pupils to "appreciate thought as thought, a work of art as a work of art; and, thereby, not only to enlarge, enrich, and refine their minds and hearts, but also to bring them to a knowledge and ability in expressing themselves, when they have something to say, both correctly and well." Mr. Bowen ridicules the notion that all pupils who are not preternaturally dull must be able at once and of themselves to understand any piece of poetry as soon as it is put before them; such a notion, he declares, betrays ignorance alike of child-nature and of the art of all good poets.

It is pleasant to get a little pocket volume which contains judicious and fairly representative selections from the lyrics and ballads of "The Minor Scottish Poets." Sir George Douglas has edited, with a critical introduction, and interesting, as well as ample, biographical notes—this new volume of the *Canterbury Poets*, a series of cheap books which has deservedly gained a wide circulation. Many well-known writers, of course, are included in a selection which covers a period that lies between the end of the seventeenth century and the present time, and foremost in the list stand the names of Robert Tannahill, Allan Cunningham, Michael Bruce, David Gray, and Alexander Smith, but many of the most exquisite and pathetic poems in this anthology were written by men and women who cannot in any sense be said to be famous. We are, therefore, all the more grateful to Sir George Douglas for the conscientious manner in which he has woven together so many scattered facts concerning people who enriched the literature of their country, in many cases almost without knowing it. At the same time, we are bound to add that we think that the little volume would not have suffered if the introductory essay, which is both inadequate and prejudicial, had been omitted. We admire the industry with which Sir William has gathered biographical notes, and, on the whole, it is possible to speak also in terms of praise concerning his catholicity of choice, but his remarks on the influence on Scottish life and poetry of the teaching of John Knox are far too splenetic and sweeping. It is both unjust and absurd to describe John Knox as the "Scottish Torquemada," and such language defeats its own purpose and disfigures the book in which it is found.

A group of short stories and sketches—fifteen in number—by Douglas Jerrold forms the new volume of the *Camelot Series*. The book is distinctly welcome, though it hardly shows the genial humourist at his best. We are glad to find that the original preface to "The Handbook of Swindling" has been retained, for its wit and sarcasm are thoroughly characteristic. Mr. Walter Jerrold contributes to the volume an interesting biographical account of his grandfather, and though we think that it would have been possible for him to have made a much better selection from the sparkling writings of the author of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" and "Punch's Letters to his Son," we are not inclined to quarrel seriously with the book.

Cornwall, even as late as the middle of last century, used to be called—because of the rough manners of its seafaring and mining population—"West Barbary." No man, however, did more to roll away that reproach than John Wesley, and the influences of the Methodist Revival were such that the character of the rude populace was entirely changed, until the term ceased to rankle and now figures merely as a harmless jest. The county abounds, as Mr. Price in these pages reminds us, with "sur-

vivals" of the past, and amongst them not the least remarkable is the old-world system by which the mines are worked, and the strange jurisdiction still exercised by the Court of the Stannaries. In Cornwall the student of economics is surprised to find a "district and an industry which seem to have escaped the disturbing influences of an industrial revolution, and to have preserved with unbroken continuity the same general system of wages from the middle of the last century, if not from a yet earlier date, down to the present day." It is not necessary to credit the popular tradition that the origin of the mining laws of the county dates back to a time considerably earlier than the Norman Conquest, any more than to accept as unimpeachable the statement that there is an old geography book of the reign of Elizabeth in existence, in which Cornwall is pithily described as a "foreign country on that side of England next to Spain." If we set aside the traditions of the district about the Phœnicians, the Romans, and the Britons, and even regard two or three subsequent centuries as debatable ground, Cornwall can at least boast of the Royal Charters which have protected its chief industry since the reign of Edward I. Mr. Price states that the facts and statistics which make up this admirable summary of work and wages in the mines of Cornwall are the outcome of an inquiry four or five years ago for the Tynbee Trustees. The little book is based partly on local research made during a prolonged sojourn in the district in 1886 and partly upon the evidence laid before the Mines Commission of 1864 and a Select Committee of the House of Commons which sat in 1887 on the Stannaries Act (1863) Amendment Bill. A comparison is instituted in these pages between titwork and tribute, and the drawbacks and abuses, as well as the advantages of the system, are clearly and temperately indicated. This is, in short, an extremely able statement of the actual condition of affairs, and equal stress is wisely laid by Mr. Price on the historical growth of the system and on its economic significance.

Apparently they had a lively time of it, those "Two Girls on a Barge" as they floated lazily along the plicid, if somewhat prosaic, waterways which link—for strictly business purposes—London and Coventry. It was Cambridge, and the end of term, and the heroines of this odd escapade sat in a snug little room at Gilton discussing plans, until at length, out of that midsummer night's dream of golden leisure, the scheme of a house-boat on the Coventry Canal took shape. At once they determined to charter a roomy salt-barge, and to furnish it in their own way, and to make it their temporary home. The truth was, one of the girls had overworked herself, and, as for the other, she artlessly confesses that she had nothing better to do. We will not even hint at the manner in which they triumphed over the obstacles which lay between them and the realisation of their romantic plan; it is enough to say that they were young and fair, and, therefore, the barge was duly placed at their disposal, and set forth on its "voyage" to the city of the three spires under the most favourable auspices. The young ladies did not travel alone: one of them had a brother, a good-natured cadet, and a young artist likewise appeared on the scene, though not quite by chance. On the way to Coventry, with youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm, they had some droll encounters, and not the least pleasant, we gather, was one with a grey-haired philanthropist of much more than local renown, who keeps a sharp eye on canal-boats and stray children. There is a picture representing this worthy engaged in animated conversation with the sweet girl-graduate of the party, and his face seems familiar, and so, if we mistake not, is his name. There is a terrible lack of geographical information in the volume, and facts and statistics are conspicuous by their absence; but the student of human nature, if he is not in too exacting a mood, may pick up a hint or two. As for the "indulgent reader," he has his laugh, and it is not, we hasten to add, at the expense of the "Two Girls on a Barge." There is freshness and humour in these entertaining descriptions of persons and places and the little incidents of travel, and we lay down the book with the reflection that the cadet and the artist were uncommonly lucky fellows. We do not intend to divulge any secrets, but so far as they were concerned love's labour was not lost. The little vignettes scattered through the text reflect quite as cleverly as the full-page illustrations all the fun of the barge and some of the foibles of its crew.

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